

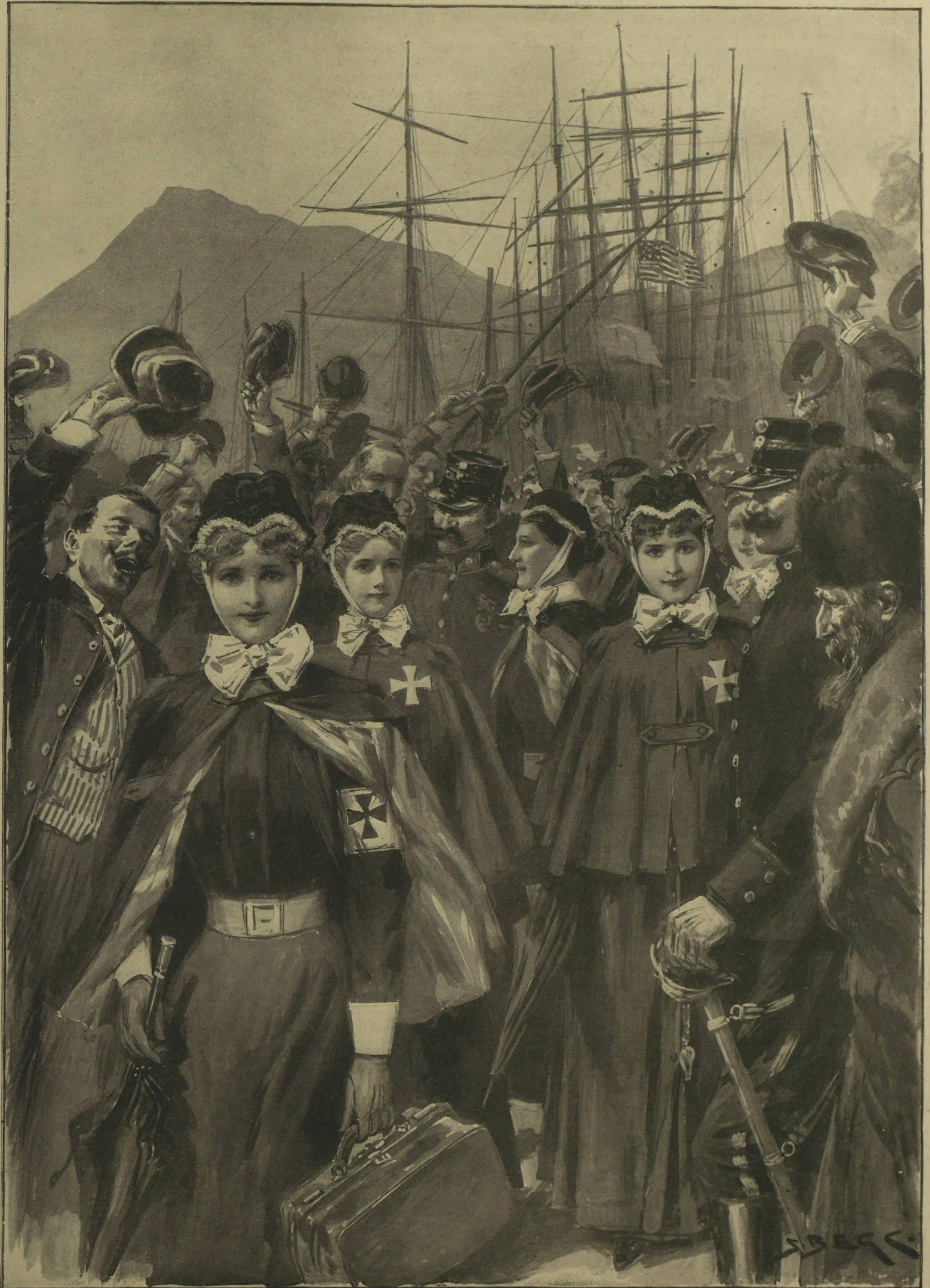
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH SUPPLEMENT: SIXPENCE.
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THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR: ARRIVAL AT PATRAS OF THE NURSES SENT OUT TO THE CROWN PRINCESS OF GREECE BY THE "DAILY CHRONICLE" FUND UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES.—[From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price.]

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Some years ago a very eminent politician refused to take part in a ceremony in which it was requisite to wear a Court costume. The leader of the Democratic party in the United States House of Representatives has, it is said, followed this example, by declining to dine with the President because evening dress is made compulsory. The two cases are hardly on all-fours, because the one attire is exceptional and the other ordinary. A gentleman who has "a small chance of legs" may well excuse himself from displaying them in knee-breeches, while evening dress can, at the worst, only get one mistaken for a waiter; but it is, notwithstanding, true enough that the assumed necessity of this raiment gives a great amount of inconvenience. To refuse to wear it when asked to dinner by the head of the State seems "to protest too much." That would seem to be just one of the occasions when one ought to put on one's go-to-meeting clothes, however we may dislike the wearing of them; but the insistence upon this costume when there is no special occasion for it is oppressive and indefensible. When men have taken violent exercise, or have been employed in dusty avocations, or feel in any way that it is desirable to change their clothes before sitting down to dinner, one does not see why they should not put on evening ones just as well as any others; but that they should leave their clubs, where there is every facility for getting clean, and go three miles to their own homes to get into a dress suit, in order to come back to their club to dine with a friend, is most unreasonable. It may be said, indeed, "Why not keep a dress suit at the club?" But that involves the expense of a "locker," and there are not nearly enough lockers to "go round." When a lady is in the case, it is another matter: the fair sex (with a few admirable exceptions, to whom I kiss my hand) set a fancy value on costume, and can no more imagine a dinner party without swallow-tails than a summer without swallows. Men as a rule submit to it as a disagreeable convention, dear only to the *parvenu*, who in his evening clothes feels that he is "going into Society." For my part, I agree with an old whist-playing friend who, as regards dressing for dinner, used to express his opinion that if a man is a trump his suit is of no consequence.

The notion of a monastery for City men, whither they may retire o' nights from the fever and fret—the tare and tret—of commercial life, to give themselves up to pious reflection, or as missionaries among the poor, is as excellent as it is original; and the prosperity of the community will not, it is probable, be endangered by excess of members. It will, in any case, be an interesting experiment. Will the bulls or the bears be most likely to take part in it? One is almost afraid that by some persons it will be thought to be a speculation. Shall we have millionaires living on fifteen shillings a week, the amount prescribed by the somewhat ascetic promoter (or rather, let us say, "pious founder"), or only the indigent? the winners or the losers? Perhaps the belonging to it will be considered lucky, as was the case with that trainer of racehorses who always went to church on the eves of the Derby and the St. Leger (treating them both as saint's days). Before making investments it may be considered a good thing—"a blessed good thing" they will call it—to do. Will a stockbroker known to be "in retreat" be more patronised by the clergy than others? If so, it will not be labour—*laborare est orare*—in vain; it will be "good biz." It is, on the other hand, quite possible—everything is possible—that the effect of this institution may be to purify our stockbrokers (inside and "outside"), give wings to the editors of financial newspapers, and to elevate the promoter himself into regions undreamt of even in a prospectus. Then all will be straight sailing without "corners," and I shall begin to speculate.

It has occurred to many of us at one time or other to have longings for a more natural state of existence—a desire to burst all links of habit, and to "wander far away from island on to island at the gateways of the day"; or even to possess a "right little, tight little isle" of our own, where we could live at ease and with a great many proprietary rights. The aspiration of the poet to "catch the wild goat by the hair" may be put down to the period of boyhood, and that of taking some "savage woman" as one's better-half, to years certainly still far short of discretion; but a yearning for quiet enjoyment out of the reach of the wants and worries of civilised life occurs at times to the least romantic of us. Then a vision of some "summer isle of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea, where droops the many-blossomed flower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree" suggests immediate emigration. Such islands are growing rarer, thanks to globe-trotting and colonisation; but a recent Blue-book informs us of the existence of at least one group which would suit us down to the ground. They are the Cocos Keeling Islands, in the South Pacific, the superior quality of whose sole export, the cocoanut, is said to be due to the patient watching of the inhabitants for the fruit to fall instead of plucking it. Their sole industry, except keeping flower-gardens, is the lying on their backs in the soft, white, warm sea-sand, and looking upward. How much better than

looking forward! Only contrast this, for a moment, with travelling six days on the underground railway to work in some City office; with months passed in the House of Commons listening to other people's speeches; with struggles to persuade the publishers to bring out our poems at their own expense; or with any other of our exhausting occupations. If your views are matrimonial you can get a wife in the Cocos for a tortoiseshell comb; which, moreover, is all she wants in the way of trousseau. There are no manufactured articles of drapery except the Union Jack, which covers the whole group. The climate is never lower than 74 deg. or higher than 86 deg., and there is abundance of shade. There are a few specimens of mosquitoes (maintained, apparently, for their song) and a shark or two, but no snakes; and there is a Scotchman, of course, at the head of affairs.

One suspects that what causes the minds of, at all events, our young people to turn in the direction of a solitary island as a desirable dwelling-place is that most popular of stories, "Robinson Crusoe." Unlike all other fictions, it procured the success of two stories manifestly founded upon it: "The Rival Crusoes" and "The Swiss Family Robinson." There is little but the attraction of a solitary island to recommend either of them, yet both were very successful. Then, again, there was the out-of-the-way and beautiful spot that formed the sanctuary of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. At first Captain Bligh obtained the public sympathy; but, as a matter of fact, his conduct had been oppressive, and he was afterwards "relieved of his command"—in other words, deprived of his ship—for similar ill conduct, when the tide of feeling naturally turned against him, and made Pitcairn's Island appear a paradise even as regarded its inhabitants. There are, perhaps, though unknown to us, communities of a similar kind in other regions, unvisited (save once) by our fellow-countrymen. The retreat of the mutineers was so out of the world that it kept for a quarter of a century their romantic secret.

Why is the British public so patient with organ-grinders? Is it to keep up our friendly relations with Italy? Are German bands given less license because of the unpopularity of their Sovereign? Notwithstanding our close union with Scotland, the persecution of the bagpipes is not endured with the same humility. Does any other street musician require to be informed exactly what is the matter with a sick man before he raises the siege of what was once thought to be an Englishman's castle? The walls of it are no greater protection from the hurdy-gurdy than those of Jericho from the trumpet. How extraordinary it seems that a doctor's certificate, or its equivalent, has to be produced before this pest of the streets can be compelled to move on! We are now informed that his sole object is ransom. Notes are kept of the residences of sick people; where straw is laid down is particularly recommended for the performance; and the musicians are instructed by their employers to ask for payment for going away. Sydney Smith imagined a dreadful punishment for his enemies: to be preached to death by wild curates; but to be ground to death by street organs is surely not less shocking. Persons who have never suffered—and never can do so—from brain-work may smile at this infliction, but what is fun to them is death to us poor writers. We are told in the Scriptures that those who "handle the organ" dwell in tents; oh, would that they would "fold them like the Arabs" and "silently steal away"!

There are, no doubt, advantages in taking an "engaged" railway carriage; but when this is done by a young couple it attracts the attention of the curious. The other day a commercial traveller, who ought to have been thinking of his "house" instead of the affairs of other people, was so lost to a sense of propriety that he climbed on to the foot-board to observe the behaviour of two young persons whose relations had thus been brought to his notice. He met a worse fate than even Peeping Tom of Coventry. Let us hope it will be a lesson to all such Paul Pry passengers. Some years ago a similar case was reported in the newspapers with an even more dramatic, or, rather, melodramatic, ending. It involved a double lesson: to the spy and to Edwin and Angelina, the objects of his curiosity. They had caused an "engaged" label to be put on their carriage without any justification, for they were not engaged; their intentions were "honourable but remote," and, finding themselves fellow-passengers by the same train, they could not resist travelling without a chaperon. The half-crown the guard had received for ensuring their privacy excited (we will charitably suppose) his paternal solicitude for Angelina, and fearful lest Edwin should be induced to snatch a kiss (which is contrary to the company's bye-laws), he climbed along the top of the train and looked through the lamphole. Unfortunately, he had forgotten a bridge which at that spot spanned the line with no space to spare, and the consequence was that he was decapitated—his head following his eyes into the carriage. It was the last time he interfered in other people's affairs, and Edwin and Angelina, very much alarmed—indeed, it is said, never took an "engaged" carriage again, even after they were entitled to it.

A good deal of curiosity has arisen among the uncultured as to what is a *Moratorium*. Some call it a *Moriturium*, in which, when it is an affair of State, they are not, perhaps, so very far wrong. An American correspondent, to whom my readers and myself are already under obligations, assures me that the thing is not unknown in commercial circles, where it sometimes takes the place of an ordinary I.O.U. Here is an example—

I, John Higgins, owe and agree to pay Johnson James one hundred and fifty dollars, but it is understood Higgins is not to be pushed. Witness my hand and seal.—JOHN HIGGINS (seal).

The creditor was nonsuited in an action to recover this debt, the debtor proving to the satisfaction of the jury that it was not "convenient" to pay the money, or any part of it, and the judge instructing the jury that Higgins would be "pushed" if required to pay at any time when payment would be an inconvenience to him.

This seems a capital way of borrowing a little money. People talk of "the sense of obligation," but what generally much more distresses the borrower is the obligation of having to pay back the loan when it falls due. This species of *Moratorium* does away with this necessity, and puts things on a friendly and agreeable footing. It would also remove the unpleasant stigma that attaches to the profession of money-lender; while these accommodating gentlemen would be enabled to raise their rate from "sixty per cent." to six hundred, without the debtor being one penny the worse.

When a man in a horse-stealing neighbourhood is found with two horses in his possession which he declares he has found, it does not go far to prove his innocence. When he is a foreigner and employs a volunteer interpreter, who in reality did steal the horses, his chance of escape from lynching is slight indeed. In fact the man was lynched, and Buncombe (the interpreter) had hardly got out of danger before his innocence was proved. The sheriff, greatly disturbed by this judicial murder, goes to the widow of the victim to apologise. She is an Italian, with one boy of ten years old or so, who munches an apple (but not inattentively) while the explanations are being made. His mother speaks earnestly to him in her own tongue, and finishes with the name of the false interpreter; he repeats it, at first incorrectly, then well; and he never forgets it. When he grows up the one desire and object of his life is to be avenged on his father's murderer. This is the simple plot and prologue of "Mr. Peters," a story, however, which few will begin without reading it to the end. It is quite different from ordinary detective tales, the aim of the human bloodhound being not to bring his game within reach of the law but to avenge a private wrong with his own hand. The scene of the novel opens in Edinburgh, twenty-five years after the lynching, and is laid among every-day surroundings, the commonplace character of which contrasts strikingly enough with the designs—openly revealed to the reader from the first—of Mr. Peters. Mr. Lucius Moriarty, the Consul to whom he has letters of recommendation, is a well-drawn character, always complaining of the prosperity of his business, the pressure of which prevents him from devoting his mind to poetic pursuits. He welcomes his new client with characteristic geniality, and inquires what he has come about—

"Good biz, I hope; money in it, I hope, Mr. Peters, since you have come so far?"

"A debt to pay; that is all," he told Lucius.

"Ey, ey! That's a different matter," Lucius sighed regretfully. "Still, it's a great pleasure, Sir, to be able to pay one's debts."

"It is, indeed," Mr. Peters agreed solemnly; "and I have been compelled to leave this (how do you business men say 'standing'?) far too long."

"Old family business?" asked Lucius, interested, but not wishing to put unpleasant questions.

Mr. Peters nodded again. "My father died suddenly," he explained, "and in debt. I now wish to settle the account."

"Very right and proper spirit, Sir," said Lucius, raising his glass and nodding his warm approval. "It'd do honour to any merchant here, an' if it was my affair, gad! I'd be glad to meet you half-way. When you've looked over your documents you can tell me the name if you like, and I'll do anything to help you if they've business with me. They'd likely be ready to let you off something."

"Very true." Mr. Peters considered gravely and seemed to think that possible. "But I will pay them in full," he added.

There are pleasant passages between two pairs of lovers; confidential discourses between doctors and patients; scenes in the Edinburgh Law Courts, and especially a good description of the life in a boarding-house, so genteelly conducted that it is described as a "residence for paying guests." There is a young lady who keeps a tobacconist's shop, whose prudence and high principles are worthy of all imitation, and should give a tone of respectability to the whole calling. She never "lets herself go," except in the case of one individual, Sandy, the wooden Highlander outside the shop, who receives not only her confidences but even her blandishments. But however the reader may be beguiled, whether by fun or pathos, he never loses sight of the avenger, who dominates the whole scene of the story, and though by no means a melodramatic character, fills us with the sense of coming catastrophe. What it is and how it comes must be left to the author himself to tell; there is only one excuse for looking to the conclusion of a novel before we read it—namely, to make sure that it has not "a bad ending," and in this case there is nothing to fear.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR.

Peace is in sight. The Greek Government has accepted the offered intervention of the Powers, and has undertaken to withdraw the Greek troops from Crete, and on that the Powers are prepared to use their good offices to end the war. Further fighting promises no advantage to the Greek arms. Pharsala was abandoned when the Turks struck at the Greek centre, and cut the Crown Prince's army in two. Velestino, the scene of some Greek successes, was evacuated by Colonel Smolensky, who withdrew his force in good order, though the retreat of the main body of the Greeks to Domoko is said to have been marked by panic. Evidently the Greeks have not recovered the morale which was destroyed by the flight from Larissa, though in some cases they have stood their ground with an obstinate courage that, with proper leadership, might have given a better account of the invaders. Volo has been occupied by the Turks, and at Arta, though the Greeks are in considerable force, they remain inactive. The truth is that the Greek leaders have no military inspiration that can check the steady advance of the Ottoman veterans. The position at Domoko is said to be stronger than Pharsala; but the strongest position in the world cannot be held by troops who are constantly in retreat. It is significant that wherever Colonel Smolensky is in command, the Greeks fight with far greater determination than is exhibited by the rest of the army. The Crown Prince and his brother, Prince Nicholas, have shown the greatest personal bravery, but military genius is evidently denied to their dynasty. It is difficult to say what losses have been suffered on either side. The Turks are supposed to have lost heavily at Velestino, while the Turkish artillery did great execution among the Greeks retreating from Pharsala over a single bridge. But it will probably turn out that the actual loss of life in this war is comparatively small. The greatest sufferings are those of the refugees from Volo and other places, who, to the number of eighty thousand, are reduced to dire straits. Perfect order prevails at Volo, where the remaining inhabitants are begged by the Turkish military authorities to reopen their shops. The luckless Greek fleet was compelled to make terms for the surrender of the town. It is now clear that the fleet has made no effort to seize the Turkish islands simply because the Powers would have compelled Greece to restore them at the close of the war.

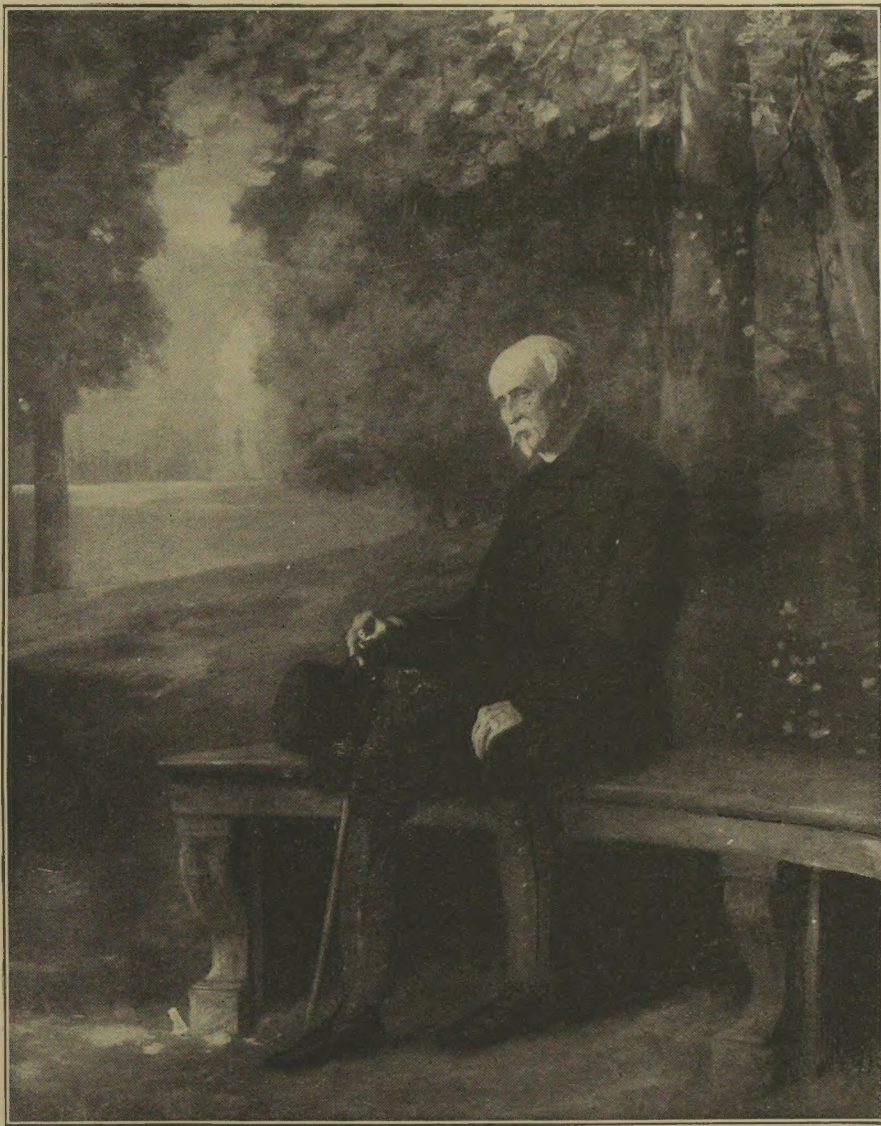
No difficulty is anticipated with regard to the troops in Crete. Colonel Vassos took at least two companies with him back to Athens, and the rest will be withdrawn in detachments. Popular opinion in the Greek capital appears to make no objection to this arrangement. What the Cretans will say is, however, another affair. They show perfect indifference so far to the advances of the Admirals, and persist in asserting that the Greek disasters will not prevent them from continuing the struggle. If this attitude is maintained the Powers will be no nearer the solution of the Cretan problem than before. Such a situation would be a not undeserved penalty of the crooked diplomacy pursued by Russia and Germany. There is no doubt whatever that the deadlock in Crete prompted those two Powers to egg the Sultan into attacking Greece. The Greek Government will recognise the European plan of autonomy for the Cretans; but the Powers have to reckon both with the islanders and the Sultan. Germany is said to have proposed that Greece shall formally renounce all claim to Crete; but it may be hoped that Lord Salisbury will refuse his consent to such manifest injustice. The Cretans are unlikely to abandon their hopes of union with Greece, and when they get autonomy they will turn it to account at the earliest opportunity by proclaiming fidelity to the Greek Kingdom. No diplomacy can prevent that. It remains to be seen whether the Sultan will be as compliant on the subject of autonomy as he was before the war. Reports from Constantinople as to the Turkish terms of peace are contradictory. It is stated that the Sultan is most moderate, and that no change will be demanded in the *status quo ante bellum*. On the other hand, the Porte is said to insist on an indemnity of three millions, the cession of the Greek fleet, the abrogation of all special treaties in favour of Greek subjects in Turkey, and a "rectification" of the Thessalian frontier, which would give the Turks command of all the passes, and leave Thessaly practically defenceless. It is incredible that the Powers will consent to impose such terms on the vanquished. Greece cannot pay three millions. The Turks have not yet paid their own indemnity to Russia for the war of twenty years ago. Eastern races do not pay indemnities. But the cession of the Greek fleet and the proposed "rectification" of frontier cannot be countenanced by Great Britain, though they would give perfect satisfaction to the German Emperor.

Whatever terms may ultimately be decided upon by the intervening Powers, it seems certain that hostilities are at an end. It is true that the same telegrams which bring the news that Greece has accepted the Note of the Powers, bring also the report of imminent fighting at Domoko; but it is understood that all hostilities were to be stopped as soon as the acquiescence of the Greek Government was formally declared.

THE LATE DUC D'AUMALE.

The death-roll of the victims of the tragic fire in Paris was not completed with the names of those who actually perished in the flames, for the shock of the news of the terrible fate of his niece, the Duchesse d'Alençon, so severely increased the heart complaint from which the Duc d'Aumale had lately suffered that his name was soon added to the list of royal and aristocratic dead for whom all France is in mourning. The Duc d'Aumale was the fourth son of the late King Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amélie, and was born in 1822. He entered the army as a lad of seventeen, and subsequently became orderly to his brother, the Duc d'Orléans, in Africa. His promotion was rapid, for he had the true military instinct, and as a Major-General in the French army he practically ended the war in Algeria by the splendid success which he won over the powerful Emir, Abd-el-Kader. In 1847 he was appointed Governor-General of the French possessions in Africa; but his promise of liberty to the submissive Abd-el-Kader led to his recall from that office.

The Revolution of 1848 made the Duke an exile, and for upwards of twenty years he and his family made their headquarters in England, where they were received with a cordiality, which, at the time, called forth a remonstrance from the French Government. But no questions of politics entered into the Duke's sojourn in England, for, though remaining constant to the Royalist traditions of his house, he became in many respects an English country gentleman during his long residence



THE LATE DUC D'AUMALE.

From a Painting by Benjamin Constant, exhibited in the Paris Salon.

at Twickenham and on his Worcestershire estate near Evesham. At Twickenham he was known as the president of the local rowing club, and the interests of English country life generally occupied a good deal of his attention. Banishment had, indeed, its consolations for him, for the great wealth which he inherited from his ancestors, the Condés, gave him ample opportunity for the cultivation of his literary and artistic tastes, for his marked military and statesman-like qualities were combined with the interests and enthusiasms of the book-collector and art connoisseur, and both his library and his picture gallery contained many objects of the greatest rarity and value. As a man of letters the Duke will be remembered by his many contributions to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and more particularly by his "Histoire des Princes de Condé," the nine volumes of which have a considerable historical value as a chronicle of that branch of the royal dynasty of France which the Duc d'Aumale himself represented—by no means unworthily, despite the fact that its glory had departed. The literary consolations of the Duke's banishment included membership to the Athenæum Club and the honorary degree of D.C.L. in the University of Oxford—two distinctions of which, as a Frenchman, he often expressed himself as particularly proud—and a fondness for sport of all kind gave him a further interest in English life. In 1871, however, two years after the death of his wife, Princess Marie Caroline of Bourbon and the two Sicilies, he returned to France, after the repeal of the Act of Banishment, in consequence of his election to the National Assembly for the Department of Oise. His return had been rendered remarkable by the dignity of the address which he issued to the electors, in which he stated that, though he might regret his country's preference for a Republican Government, he was willing to be her loyal servant when once the

conditions of that form of Government had been definitely established. In the following year he was made General of Division, and retained his position in public life for some time. But in 1883 both he and his two nephews the Duc de Chartres and the Duc d'Alençon were placed on the retired list by General Thibaudin, the then Minister of War, who discerned danger in the active service of the Orléans Princes; and in the following year the Duc d'Aumale received a final rebuff at the hands of General Boulanger, who removed his name from the army list. Remonstrance only led to a renewal of his banishment.

THE DREADFUL FIRE DISASTER IN PARIS.

Some account, necessarily imperfect, of the terrible disaster on Tuesday afternoon, May 4, as reported in next morning's papers, was given to our readers last week. It was not known, at the time of writing and printing, that among the deaths of so many ladies of high rank and social eminence, assembled for innocent and benevolent participation in a work of tasteful gaiety designed to aid the funds of religious charity, one of those to be most deplored was that of the Duchesse d'Alençon, a Bavarian and French Princess, sister to the Empress of Austria and wife of one of the royal Princes of the House of Orleans. Nearly a hundred and forty persons, mostly ladies and children, belonging to French and other foreign families of the superior class, are recognised as the lamented victims of this dreadful calamity, the horror of which exceeds any recollection of similar events in our time.

In a few minutes, by a slight accident with a lamp which was kindled, not, as stated in the report we at first noticed, to heat and inflate the air for a small balloon, but for the illumination of a "kinematograph" exhibition, the temporary wooden structure, a hall measuring 300 ft. long and 180 ft. wide, erected in the Rue Jean Goujon, Champs Elysées, became a furnace of raging flames, with all its flimsy apparatus of drapery, painted canvas, frail screens and hangings, with the light dresses and decorated fashionable hats of the ladies, the pretty toys and millinery, and thousands of combustible articles, spread in great variety of kind upon the stalls and counters. No more dangerous collection of materials for a swift conflagration could have been devised—no place or mode of arrangement more fatal, and no throng of human creatures attired and situated in a way more sure to involve a multitude in sudden but painful destruction.

The details of a scene like that, if it could be described by surviving witnesses, must be too ghastly for repetition; and though anecdotes of personal experience and observation have been reported, these shocking particulars should be rather left to the imagination—better indeed that the mind should not dwell upon them—when once the whole has been comprehended. It all came upon them so suddenly, and passed so quickly, for the crowded hundreds or thousands of people gasping and struggling or fainting beneath a roof of flame, enclosed between flaming walls, pelted with a shower of flaming scraps and tatters, encountering their fellow-creatures whose burning dresses carried the same danger to every neighbour in the shrieking, screaming mob of women—though some were as brave as the few men present—that little space or time could be afforded for comparing individual examples. But of the Duchesse d'Alençon it is known that she, while standing at the front of the stall which she superintended, when the cry of "Fire" was raised, was called upon by a young lady to escape. She replied nobly and like a Princess: "No, not yet. Let us give the visitors time to get outside." Her young friend, seizing her by the waist, endeavoured to drag her away, repeating, "Come, Madame, you must come!" The Duchess, however, released herself by a strong movement. "No, no, I will stay," she declared, standing firmly near her stall, with eyes raised towards heaven. The flames instantly reached her, and those who would have helped to save her life, themselves in extreme peril, were compelled to go. Her mortal remains, and the body of her husband's uncle, the Duc d'Aumale, are now laid among the tombs of the Orleans Princes, at Dreux, in Normandy; this was performed on Saturday last.

Messages of condolence with the French nation upon so great a public calamity have been addressed to the President of the Republic as well as to the illustrious families more nearly afflicted, by every reigning Sovereign, Queen Victoria among the first, and by the chiefs of every State, of many civic municipalities; and other public institutions; the Sultan of Turkey, equally with the Pope, has joined in this tribute of sympathy. The Lord Mayor of London, whose wife's cousin, named Madame Kann, perished in the fire, went to Paris, with the Sheriffs, to attend the Requiem service at Notre Dame on Saturday. This solemn funeral ceremony, which was conducted by Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, was attended, of course, also by President Faure, the members of the French Government, the British Ambassador with all of his Legation, and the representatives of every foreign nation. M. Barthou, Minister of the Interior, delivered a speech in front of the Cathedral. There were special masses and funeral services at the Roman Catholic churches and chapels in London; that which took place at the French Embassy Chapel was attended by representatives of our Queen and Court.

THE FIRE AT A CHARITY BAZAAR IN PARIS: PORTRAITS OF SOME OF THE VICTIMS.



THE DUCHESS OF ALENÇON.



BARONNE DE SAINT DIDIER.



BARONNE DE CARUEL DE SAINT MARTIN.



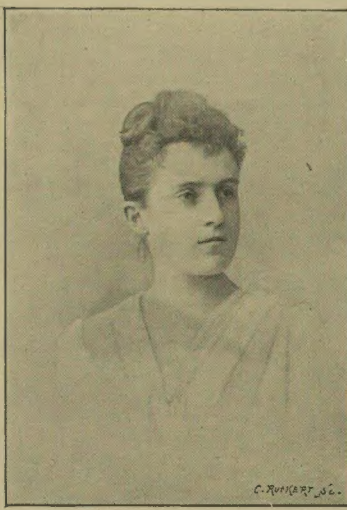
COMTESSE D'HUNOLSTEIN.



MADAME WARNET.



COMTESSE DE SAINT ANGE.



VICOMTESSE DE MALEZIEU.



VICOMTESSE DE BEAUCHAMP.



MARQUISE DE BOUTHILLIERS CHAVIGNY.



COMTESSE DE MOUSTIER.



BARONNE DE CARAYON LA TOUR.



MADAME D'HINNISDAL.



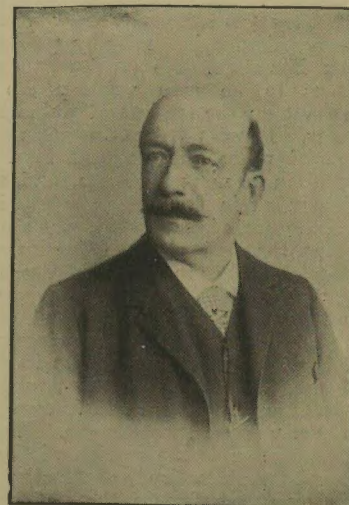
GENERAL MUNIER.



MADAME NITOT.



MDLE. NITOT.



M. MASURE.

THE FIRE AT A CHARITY BAZAAR IN PARIS: PORTRAITS OF SOME OF THE VICTIMS.



MADAME GOSSE.



MDLLE ZOE GOSSE.



MDLLE. ANGÈLE GOSSE.



MDLLE. JACQUIN.



MADAME DE VALENCE.



MDLLE. DE VALENCE.



MDLLE. ANTOINETTE DE MANDAT-GRANCEY.



MDLLE. D'ISLES.



MADAME VIMONT.



MDLLE. DE WILLINSKI.



MADAME VALENTIN.



MADAME GENTY.



MADAME CORDOEN.



MADAME CHOUPE.



MADAME DE SUZE.



MADAME DE WATIMESNIL.

PERSONAL.

The death of Dean Goulburn has come as a surprise to many; not only because the end was sudden, but also

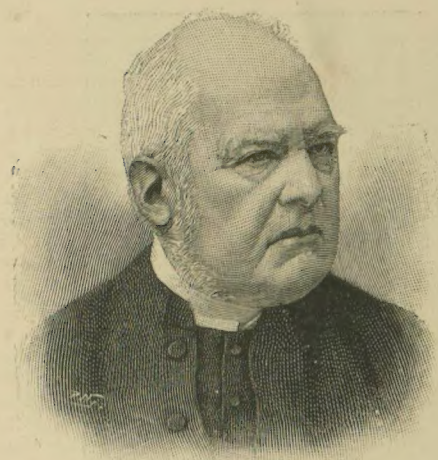


Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE DEAN GOULBURN.

because a dignitary of the Church who retires from office is soon forgotten by the world. Yet Dr. Goulburn had been in his day a man of wide usefulness and of equal repute. He started in life with all the advantages which a well-known father, a successful career at Eton and Balliol, a Fellowship of Merton, and early distinction as a preacher at Oxford could give him. When he was called to succeed Tait (who had been his tutor at Balliol) as Head Master of Rugby, the highest honours of the Church seemed within his reach. He left Rugby after seven years, and succeeded Alford at Quebec Chapel. He quitted this for a Paddington incumbency, where some of his best-known books were written. His friends confidently expected him to be made a Bishop, but he went no higher than the Deanery of Norwich. He was a useful and sympathetic Dean, with a due regard both for the fabric of the Cathedral and its practical value. But his mind was, ecclesiastically speaking, conservative, and bolder tendencies, especially in the direction of a liberal theology, found no sympathy in him. He was always a successful preacher to intelligent congregations, and his devotional works are still widely used wherever English people are. He retired from Norwich in 1889, going to live quietly at Tunbridge Wells, where he died suddenly on May 3.

The Queen is to receive a magnificent present from the Czar and Czarina on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee. This is a set of emeralds valued at £20,000. Her Majesty was for many years in possession of Queen Charlotte's pearls, which were said to be worth £150,000. They passed in 1857 to King George of Hanover, and they are now the property of the Duchess of Cumberland.

Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett is once more safe and sound at Constantinople, where, no doubt, he has given a thrilling narrative of his adventures to the Sultan. The news of his capture by the Greeks in the Gulf of Salonica was received in the House of Commons with peals of laughter. Mr. Curzon gravely assured the House that the Greek Government would not regard their redoubtable prisoner as "contraband of war." Sir Ellis appears to have had a satisfactory interview with King George, and to have declared that he was no enemy of Greece. His ambition is to keep the Russians out of Constantinople. The question arises whether for this great purpose it would not be well for Sir Ellis to take up his residence permanently on the Bosphorus, so that Russia may be deterred by his sleepless vigilance.

Mr. Edward James Stone, F.R.S., Observer and Director of the Radcliffe Observatory, Oxford, died there on Sunday

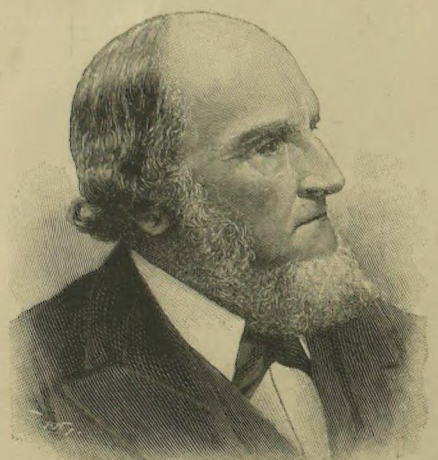


Photo Maull and Fox.
THE LATE MR. E. J. STONE, F.R.S.

last at the age of sixty-six, and after a short illness. Of a Devonshire family, he was born in London; and though he was twenty before he began his higher education, he took in 1856 a Scholarship at Queen's College, Cambridge, graduating as a fifth Wrangler in 1859, and being immediately afterwards elected to a Fellowship. An appointment first in Greenwich Observatory, and then at the Cape, was followed by his acceptance of the post of Radcliffe Observer at Oxford. Henceforth his work as an astronomer was vast and varied. He travelled all over the world to view a transit of Venus or an eclipse of the sun; and his labours in space-measurement and over his two star-catalogues brought him the reward he most desired—the appreciation of men of science. He won the Gold Medal of the Royal Astronomical Society, and the Lalande prize of the French Academy. He was on the Council of the Royal Society, and the University of Padua conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Science.

The King of Greece is a cyclist, but he is not allowed by etiquette to ride beyond the limits of his park. If he were to venture on a breach of this observance, he would, no doubt, incur a fresh lease of the German Emperor's animosity. The Kaiser practically outlawed a lady of his family for riding a bicycle, though it is understood that the interdiction, which had no effect whatever on the offender, has been withdrawn. The bicycle is a greater power even than an Emperor.

Mr. Gladstone has always been somewhat of a Conservative in his personal traditions and tastes. When he has visited Oxford in late years he has made no secret of his preferences for many of the old ways of his own time, now passed into ancient history. Perhaps, too, he does not think the breed of schoolboy much improved since he himself was at Eton. Sir William Harcourt is quoted by an Australian paper as the authority for the following reminiscence of that period of Mr. Gladstone's life. Sir William mentioned to him that Eton boys now bought a large number of evening papers. "Dear me," said Mr. Gladstone, "how remarkable is the interest the young generation takes in current events!" But there are events and "events," and Sir William explained that of sport and not politics was modern Eton enamoured. "Not gambling, I hope," said Mr. Gladstone, with gravity; nor did Sir William make any compromising reply. But if there was no gambling at Eton seventy years ago there was, it appears, an interest in prize-fighting, aroused by the long reports of sparring given by the *Morning Chronicle*. Moreover, when the Union Debating Society discussed the discontinuance of the paper on this very account, its retention was carried only by the casting vote of the chairman, and that vote was Mr. Gladstone's own.

Mrs. Linnaeus Banks, who has died at the advanced age of seventy-six, was well known as "the Lancashire Novelist."



Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MRS. G. LINNAEUS BANKS.

Her memory was extraordinary, and she has preserved in her story of "The Manchester Man" and other books a picture of the old city, its inhabitants and past customs, that will have a permanent value for antiquarians. She was one among many instances of success as a writer of fiction being gained late in life, for she was forty-three when her first novel (a tale of old Chester, called "God's Providence House") appeared. Prior to that she had written a good deal of verse, and had also written some book reviews and done journalistic work for her husband, who edited a number of provincial papers in succession. But she was the mother of ten children, and that does not leave much free time for literary ambition. Immediately she began to write fiction she became popular with lovers of wholesome, unexciting, yet interesting tales.

The stamps which have been prepared in connection with the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund will be on sale on



Tuesday. The basis of the design, which was selected by the Prince himself, is a beautiful reproduction of Sir Joshua Reynolds's well-known picture of "Charity," for which Mrs. Sheridan sat, and which is now in New College Chapel, Oxford. The utmost care has been taken to engrave the stamp, each plate of which, containing a double sheet of eighty, will be destroyed when a limited number is printed off. Philatelists have been keenly interested in the stamps, which cost a shilling (blue colour) and half-a-crown (brown tint) each.

The death of Mr. George T. Robinson, F.S.A., should not be allowed to pass without some reference to the distinction he obtained outside his profession as an architect. During the Franco-German War he acted as special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, and was able to convey to his paper the most graphic accounts of what took place under Marshal Bazaine's command. On many occasions Mr. Robinson distinguished himself, and after one unsuccessful sortie—which he accompanied—he returned to the field on which the engagement had taken place and brought back into the city two wounded French officers under fire from the German soldiers. As an architect he was known as the restorer of Courdray Hall, Lord Egmont's seat in Sussex, and of many other country houses. For many years he had occupied the position of adviser on decoration to Messrs. Trollope, the builders. Mr. Robinson's two daughters have both obtained high places in contemporary literature, Madame Darmesteter being known by her poetry, and Miss Mabel Robinson by her clever works of fiction.

It is unfortunate that the service at Notre Dame for the victims of the fire in the Rue Jean Goujon should have been marred by the fanaticism of Père Ollivier. This extraordinary priest declared that the tragedy was a "sacrificial holocaust in expiation of the sins of French Freethinkers." This means that many innocent people, mostly women, and all sincere Roman Catholics, were burnt to death because the Republic does not acknowledge

the supremacy of that Church. The Freethinkers may be open to censure, but what is to be said of the ethics of a believer like Père Ollivier?

Wherever Sir William Robinson was known—and there were few corners of the Empire which his name and fame had not reached—the news of his death in London has been received with the sense of a great public loss. He was not, it is true, a Colonial Governor of the new type—an English politician of more or less distinction at home, given a handle to his name, and sent out to Greater Britain to listen deferentially to his Colonial Ministers and do their bidding: he was a trained administrator and an expert in diplomacy. At twenty-three years of age he was acting as private secretary to his brother, the present Lord Rosmead, then Governor of St. Kitts; and when, seven years later, he began governing on his own account, it was real governing, such as has to be done in colonies like Montserrat, Dominica, and Falkland Islands. In time he passed upwards in the scale of British Colonial administration to the little garden island of British North America, Prince Edward Island, to Western Australia, South Australia, Victoria, and finally back to Western Australia again. Especially does Western Australia owe much to his firm and yet sympathetic rule in the days of its rough beginning. He was, too, a musician of no mean repute, and someone once said of him, in paraphrase of what was said of Lord Beaconsfield: "He is the greatest Governor who was ever a musician, and the greatest musician who was ever a Governor."

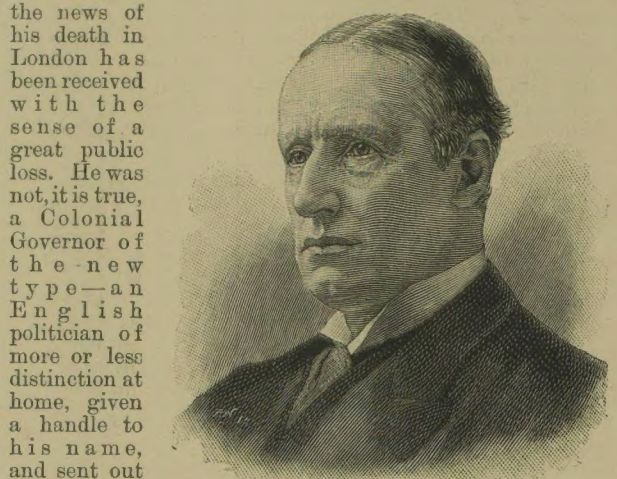


Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR WILLIAM ROBINSON.

The wire muzzle controversy has entered a new phase. Two dog-owners have been fined, one for putting a leather muzzle on his dog, the other for choosing a wire muzzle which made his dog unhappy. The first prosecution was due to the offended majesty of the muzzling order, the second to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Leather is not wire—hence fine number one. Wire which hurts a dog is cruelty to animals—hence fine number two. Who would be a dog-owner?

For nearly forty years the late Mr. W. T. Best was organist at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, where he enjoyed a unique reputation as an executant. His fame goes back as far as the Exhibition of 1851, and, indeed, from a very early age he enjoyed almost unchallenged supremacy with his particular instrument. He declined a knighthood in 1894, but accepted a pension from the Civil List.

Mr. Abraham Dee Bartlett, the long-ried Superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, died the other day after a painful illness of several years' duration, though it had confined him to bed for only three weeks. Mr. Bartlett was all that a keeper of beasts should be, humane in his instincts and unrivalled in his knowledge of wild animals, their history, their habits, and their health. Born in 1810, he adopted the profession of a naturalist, and when the Crystal Palace began its Natural History Department he undertook its direction. But in 1859 Mr. Bartlett was called by the Zoological Society to its Gardens, over which he has ruled as a monarch for nearly forty years, receiving there the visits of monarchs in other domains, among the rest Queen Victoria, who always summoned him to Buckingham Palace if any of her pet animals were ill.

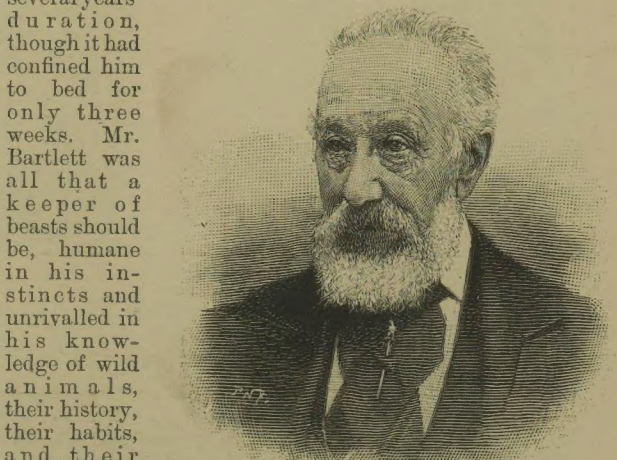


Photo T. C. Brooke, Walton-on-the-Naze.
THE LATE MR. A. DEE BARTLETT.

MACGIBBON.

Whereas a man of the name of Andrew B. MacGibbon, wrongfully giving an address on his card as of the Savage and Junior Athenæum Clubs, is in the habit of representing himself to various manufacturers as authorised to sketch their works on behalf of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, this is to give notice that the said MacGibbon is quite unknown to the proprietors of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, who repudiate all knowledge of his proceedings, and will be obliged by any persons to whom the said representation may in future be made communicating at once with them. We shall be glad to receive any information regarding this man's movements.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, on Monday, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, came from Windsor to London, and on Tuesday held a Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace. Among the Queen's visitors at Windsor Castle last week were Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and Mrs. Chamberlain, Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley and Lady Wolseley, and Lord George Hamilton. The Prince of Wales visited the Queen at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales arrived at Chester on Saturday evening to visit the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, who met their Royal Highnesses at the station; they received an address from the Mayor and Corporation at the Town Hall, and went to Eaton Hall, where a company of guests were assembled, including the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, the Marquis and Marchioness of Ormonde, the Earl of Durham, the Earl and Countess of Carrington, and the Earl of Crewe.

On leaving Eaton Hall, on Monday, the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughter went to Hawarden, and lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, after which their Royal Highnesses travelled to London.

The Duchess of Teck is, happily, recovering from her serious illness.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, presided on Saturday at the annual meeting of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association, held at the United Service Institution. Princess Christian, on May 6, opened the Victorian Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, saw an exhibition of ambulance drill movements, and distributed prizes.

The Duke of Cambridge on Saturday, at the Crystal Palace, witnessed the marching past of 15,000 children belonging to the Church of England Temperance Society.

The Bishop of London presided at the dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution on Saturday evening. Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A., returned thanks for the Royal Academy. Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, M.P., was in the chair at the dinner of the Booksellers' Provident Institution.

A farewell dinner was given on Friday by the American Society in London to the Hon. T. F. Bayard, late United States Ambassador, on the eve of his departure from England. His successor, Colonel Hay, Lord Russell of Killowen (the Lord Chief Justice), and the Bishop of London were speakers at this dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Bayard left on Saturday for Southampton.

The South Africa Inquiry Committee of the House of Commons on Friday received from the Eastern Telegraph Company the private telegrams sent by Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Dr. Rutherford Harris, before and at the time of the raid into the Transvaal. Mr. Lionel Phillips, of Johannesburg, and the Duke of Abercorn, Chairman of the British South Africa Company, were the witnesses examined that day. The Duke of Fife, Earl Gifford, Sir Horace Farquhar, and Mr. Cawston, directors of that Company, gave evidence on Tuesday. They had no previous knowledge of the raid, "that miserable business," and were "horrified" when they first heard of it. "Mr. Rhodes deceived me," says the Duke of Fife.

Lord Rosmead (Sir Hercules Robinson), late Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa, has arrived in England on his final return home, and his successor, Sir Alfred Milner, landed at Capetown on May 5.

At the East Hetton Colliery, Durham, on May 6 a pit in which thirteen men were working was suddenly flooded by water bursting in, and ten of them were drowned.

The American United States Senate at Washington, on May 5, came to a vote upon the Treaty for International Arbitration of future disputes between Great Britain and the United States. A two-thirds majority was constitutionally required for the ratification of such a treaty. We regret to learn that, for the present time, this treaty

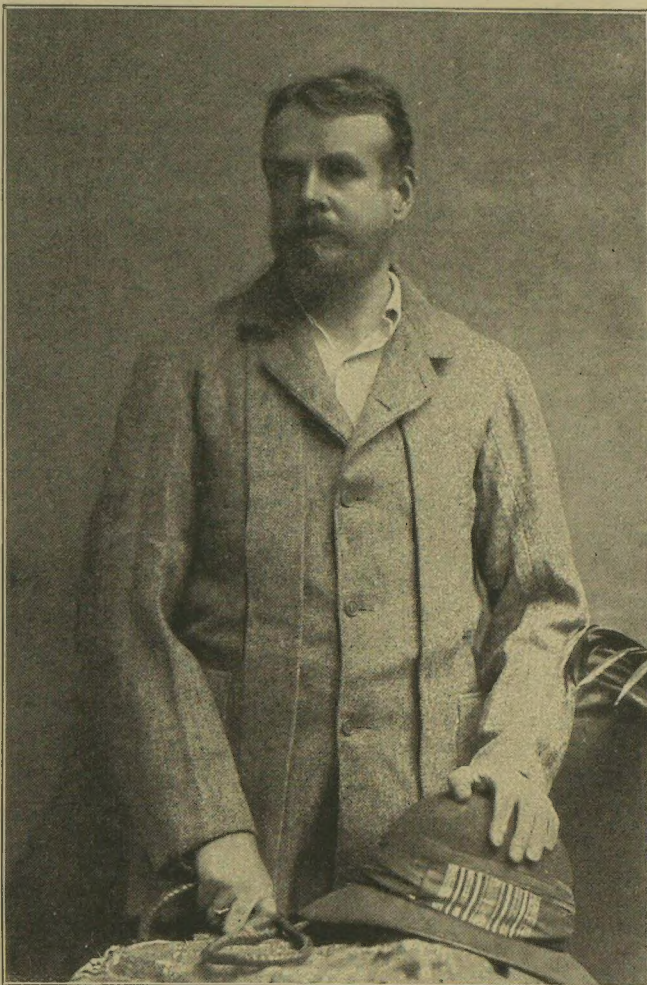


Photo Russell, Baker Street, W.

THE LATE MR. THEODORE BENT.

has been lost or set aside by the failure to obtain that majority. There were, in the Senate, forty-three votes in favour of ratifying the treaty, and twenty-six against it.

The Brussels International Exhibition was opened on Monday by the King of the Belgians, met by M. Nyssens, one of the Ministers, the foreign Ambassadors, the Exhi-

THE LATE MR. THEODORE BENT.

Mr. Theodore Bent died on Wednesday evening last week at his house in Great Cumberland Place. Though he was only forty-five years of age, he had made himself famous as an intrepid traveller and as an archaeologist of great taste and resource. Moreover, his career, being early begun, may be said to have been a long one. Born near Leeds, he took honours in History at Wadham College, Oxford, and in 1877 he married Mabel, daughter of the late Mr. Robert Westley Hall-Dare, D.L. With her he began at once his long course of travels, on which he was assisted by his proficiency as a linguist. In particular, he spoke modern Greek like a native. His travels in Greece and Asia Minor are recorded in his book on "The Cyclades, or Life among the Insular Greeks," which had been preceded by a visit to the Republic of San Marino, with its recording volume. The Bahrein Islands were afterwards visited. Then followed the investigation of the Zimbabwe ruins in Mashonaland, of which an interesting record was made; and the visit to the ruined cities of Abyssinia. Southern Arabia then became the field of Mr. Bent's investigations. In 1895, accompanied by his wife, he explored the western shores of the Red Sea and the north of Suakin, where he discovered some important traces of Old Roman gold-mining. Last November the Island of Sokotra was successfully visited. On their return to Aden, the travellers visited portions of the surrounding country quite unknown to Europeans, and, unfortunately, they caught a malarial fever. Recovering, they turned homewards, stopping for a few days at Marseilles; and there Mr. Bent caught a cold which brought a return of fever, complicated with pneumonia, from which he could not rally. A wanderer for twenty years, he came home at last only to die. He was a member of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, through whose journals many of the valuable results of his investigations in distant lands were given to the world.

DEDICATION OF GENERAL GRANT'S TOMB.

The honoured memory of the late General Ulysses Grant, President of the United States, who died twelve years ago, will be further visibly perpetuated for ages to come by the grand sepulchral monument which his fellow-citizens have erected over his grave in the Riverside Park, on a promontory of the banks of the Hudson, at New York. It was solemnly dedicated on Tuesday, April 27, with an imposing ceremonial worthy of the great Republic, whose Federal Government was represented by President McKinley with his predecessor, Mr. Grover Cleveland, by members of the Senate and the House of Representatives, the Secretaries of State, the Judges of the Supreme Court; and the Governors of the several States, with deputations from their Legislatures, and from numerous municipalities, completed the official representation of the whole American-English nation. The foreign Ambassadors, Ministers, or Envoys accredited to Washington, headed by Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, were present. Mrs. Grant, Mr. Fred Grant, and others of the family, accompanied President McKinley and Mr. Hobart; while General Horace Porter, the Ambassador to France, who was General Grant's aide-de-camp and personal friend, was chosen to deliver the special oration, following a speech from the President; finally, the Mayor of New York, Mr. Strong, on behalf of the Corporation, accepted the monument, undertaking its future custody. Prayers and hymns added to the feeling of religious sanctity which must belong to a patriotic celebration. There was a march



DEDICATION OF THE MEMORIAL TO GENERAL GRANT IN NEW YORK: THE 7TH REGIMENT PASSING THE MONUMENT.

bition Commissioners, Lord Vaux and Sir Francis Plunkett, in the British section, and a brilliant assembly of various official dignitaries, courtly, ecclesiastical, military, civic, and academical. Over fifty thousand people came on the first day.

thousand troops, sailors, and marines, and the ships in the harbour were decorated with flags; afterwards they were illuminated at night. The celebration of General Grant's memory has called forth quite a mass of literary material concerning his career in the United States.



THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: VOLUNTEERS LEAVING ATHENS FOR THE FRONT.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price.

Writing on May 2, our Special Artist, Mr. Julius Price, says: "It would be impossible to give any idea in words of the extraordinary enthusiasm which was excited by the departure of the volunteers on Sunday evening last. The people seemed for the moment to have taken leave of their senses, and, as the men marched through the dense crowds, they received a positive ovation; they were evidently looked on as the heroes who were to retrieve their country's honour. Revolvers and rifles were fired

off on all sides, whilst flowers, bouquets, and even presents of food and wine were pressed upon them till they ended by having rather the appearance of warriors just returned from victory than of raw recruits starting for the unknown, as it were. A noticeable feature of the march past was that the men were without their rifles, this being in order to save the ammunition, which would otherwise have been wasted by being fired into the air in the general enthusiasm.

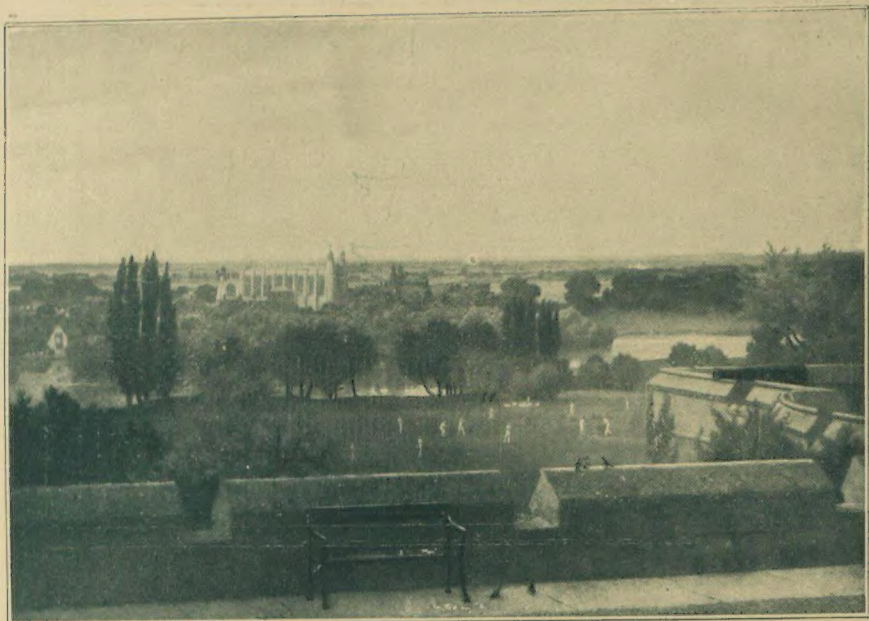
PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY

DIEU ET MON DROIT

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THE FRUIT-STALL.—RICHARD W. MADDOX.



ETON, FROM THE ROYAL LIBRARY, WINDSOR CASTLE,
SHOWING THE TOWN OF WINDSOR CRICKET-FIELD.—FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A.



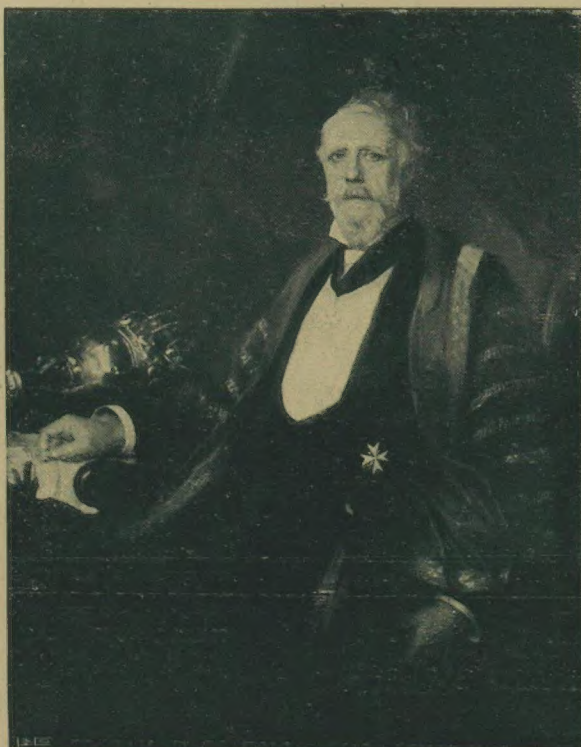
THE SLEEPY RIVER SOMME.—ALFRED EAST.



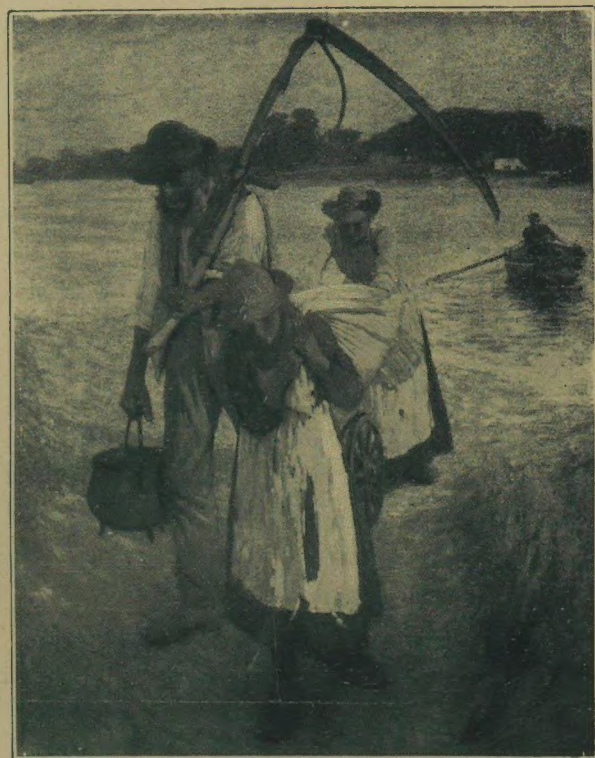
THE DAY BEFORE THE FAIR.—WRIGHT BARKER.



THE MORNING SWIM.—F. PERCY WILD.



SIR WILLIAM MAC CORMAC, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL
COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.—H. HARRIS BROWN.



TRAVELLING HARVESTERS.—H. H. LA THANGUE.



THE SILENCE OF MORNING.—ALFRED EAST.



DEERSIDE.—DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.



FLOWERY FIELDS.—ERNEST A. WATERLOW, A.R.A.



A COSY CORNER.—HENRIETTE RONNER.



THE LAST REVIEW: NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA IN 1820 WATCHING THE CHILDREN OF GENERAL BERTRAND PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.—HAROLD H. PIFFARD.



IN TIME OF PERIL.—E. BLAIR LEIGHTON.



"OUR AIN BONNY BATRN."—G. HALL NEALE.



A MAID OF KENT.—CHARLES G. ANDERSON.



NELSON AT THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.—THOMAS DAVIDSON.

"After the four hours' fight . . . Nelson went to the stern gallery and wrote the famous letter to the Crown Prince. A wafer was given him, but he ordered a candle to be brought, and sealed the letter."



"He never got any wages, poor lad!" said the old woman. "That's another matter, however. In your service he has been this three year."

"If ever he was," returned Selina, "he's out of it."

"Yes," said the mother, taking her knitting from the table, and falling tranquilly to work. "He's out of it. I heard it all, my dear. I was a-sittin' among the curran' bushes, and I thought it a pity to disturb him. It was a deal the best for him to get it over. But, my gell, I was sorry to hear you that harsh with him."

"Harsh!" the girl echoed again. "Why shouldn't I be harsh? It was like his impudence."

"THAT's the last word, is it?" It was Bale who asked the question. He had screwed his courage to the sticking point at last.

"That's the last word," said Selina, "and to my mind, Mr. Tolley, it's a bit of a pity it ever went so far."

"As how?" said Bale. He was very gloomy and quiet, and unlike himself, and she had ceased to feel afraid of him.

"In this wise, Mr. Tolley," she answered. "I never chose your company, and I never liked it. I look on what you've said to me as a liberty. And I defy you to say I ever showed you a sign of encouragement to it."

"That's true enough," said Bale gravely, and without a touch of irony. "I'll do you that much credit. You've made it pretty clear as you disliked me from the beginning."

"And that," the girl retorted, "is why I look on what you've said in the light of a liberty, Mr. Tolley."

"It won't be repeated," Bale answered. "Good-night!"

He lingered as if in expectation of an answer, but the girl turned away without a word. The garden gate clicked behind her, and Bale was left standing in the roadway.

"Well," he said to himself, "it's what I looked for, and it fits my merits." He pulled a handful of loose tobacco from one pocket of his jacket and a pipe from the other. Then, having stood for a minute or two without a movement, he filled his pipe, lit it, and walked away.

The girl meanwhile had reached the cottage kitchen. She took a candlestick from the high, chimneypiece, and set it on the table with an angry emphasis. She stirred the waning fire with the same petulance, and, having thrust a thin sliver or two of wood between the bars, she knelt down before the grate and fanned the embers with her apron. When they blazed she drew out one of the sticks and lit the candle. As the wick began to burn she looked up and gave a faint cry at the sight of an unexpected figure in the room.

"Mother!" she said, with a hand upon her heart. "How you frightened me!"

"Hast no cause to be afraid o' me, wench," her mother answered. "So Bale's got the sack, has he?"

"Got the sack?" Selina echoed. "No. He was never in my service."



She knelt down before the grate and fanned the embers with her apron.

"He didn't strike me as being impudent," the mother answered. "'I'm a good for naught,' he says. 'It ain't to be supposed as a pretty gell like you, an' a well-brought up gell like you, 'ud look twice at me. I worship the ground you tread on,' he says, 'and I allays shall, an' must. I've fowt agen my wish to tell you, and here it is in spite o' me.' If that isn't humble enough for you, I should like to know what is, Selina."

"Well," returned Selina. "I never had any truck with him, and I never wanted any. And now, if that's what he wanted to know, he knows it."

"Yes," said the old woman, knitting away with the same tranquillity, "you let him know it."

"Why, mother," cried the girl, "what would you have had me do? Did you expect me to say 'Yes!' to him?"

"No, my dear. It would ha' given me a rare sore heart to hear it. But I've known him since the day he was born, and I've been sorry for him many a time. He's a nobody's child, poor Bale is. He was bred on charity, and he was made to feel it. He's gone wrong, my dear, like a good many more, because he'd hardly ever the chance to go right; but there was the makin's of a fine man in him. You was quite right to say him nay, but I could wish as you'd been gentle with him."

Selina lit a second candle, and sat down beside it with her sewing. The cat purred on the hearth, the old eight-day clock ticked in its recess, the fire rustled its embers now and then, and, outside, the darkness gathered until the furnaces in the hollow glowed red beyond the curtained window-panes.

"His father was a travellin' conjuror," said the old woman, after a long pause. "I saw him once alive, and a finer figure of a man I never saw. I helped to lay him out, poor fellow, that same night. He broke his backbone with a cannon ball doin' some juggler's trick with it. They said at the time as he was in liquor, and he'd no right to do a dangerous thing like that at such a time. He'd built a bit of a tent across the road there on the waste ground, and there was his wife a-waiting her confinement. The child wasn't born half an hour when some blunderin' idiot told her the news. That killed the mother. Then poor Tolley's wife took in the child and kep' it, and we all helped a bit; and he grewed up to be called Tolley. And as if he hadn't had misfortune enough to begin life with, old Tolley must needs go an' christen the poor little creetur' by his own name of Balaam, as'd been a laughin'-stock for the whole o' Castle Barfield for 'ears an' 'ears. He learned himself to read an' write without any help as iver I heerd on. He was put to work at the pit-bank by the time as he was eight 'ears old, and he learned himself the engine-drivin' by lookin' at the engine an' watchin' the chaps at work at it. Poor Bale!"

"Mother," said Selina, "I'm sorry for the man, and I'm sorry if I was hard with him, but he's made me angry this long time. If he'd have liked to be sober and respectable this three years, I might have had a different answer for him."

"Yes, yes, my love," the old woman answered, stopping to wipe her spectacles with the rim of her apron. "He's been his own enemy, poor Bale, and so has a good many more. But he might ha' done well if he'd had other folks' chances. I remember once, when he was quite a little un, his crying to me because he'd got no folks of his own. 'Don't you think, Mrs. Rice,' he says to me, 'don't you think as my father *must* have had a name?' he says. 'That was afore you was born, my dear. He'd come to me for a bit of mothering sometimes, and 'Tell me about my mother,' he'd say. 'What was her like?' Poor little Bale! He'd ha' made a good man, but the chances was again' him. There's them as has nothin' but good chances, an' there's them as has nothin' but bad. We can only hope, my love, as Them Above takes count of these things."

A bright drop or two fell from the girl's eyes and glistened on the stuff she was sewing.

"Bale was niver wild," the old woman continued, "not to say wild, till you showed him your mind so very plain."

"Oh, mother!" cried the girl, in a choking voice. "Don't say it was my fault."

"No, no, no!" said her mother; "not your fault, my dear, but a part o' Bale's misfortune. If he'd had the luck to fix his heart upon a gell as could have took a fancy to him, why, then it might ha' made a difference. But your fault? No, no. It'd be a pretty to-do if a gell was bound to marry any man as wouldn't keep sober without her."

In the meantime, Bale, the rejected, had walked down into the valley, had lingered for awhile at the forge gates to stare in at the white-hot, half-naked figures that dragged the bloom from the furnace, and ran it on its iron trolley to the steam-hammer, and had waited to see it beaten from its incandescent heat to a dull red glow.

"It takes good stuff to abide that kind of handling," said Bale. "The good stuff's the better for it. But it's no use trying it on slag. As a matter of fact, you can't have the good stuff without it, but it's a pity to treat all sorts alike."

He was making a parable of the matter in his own mind, and he walked on thinking of it in a sore-hearted and rather empty-headed fashion. He passed the frowzy

town, and came out on the road to Quarrymoor, with its almost instant hint of country odours in the darkened air. It was late spring weather, almost summer, and the smoke veil hung high and thin. The stars shone through it vaguely, and a dew was falling. He walked on for an hour, clean into the country, not knowing or caring where his feet led him, and suddenly he was aware that the moon had risen, broad and full, and that a nightingale was singing. In the pauses of the bird's song he could hear the clank of the iron rails with which some distant canal-boat was being laden, and the dull thud of a far-away steam-hammer. He stood listening to the bird's music and the softened noises of labour until the sound of a firm and rapid footstep on the road awoke him from his dream. He thought he knew the step, and made a movement towards the denser shadows of the towering hedgerow as if to conceal himself; but he changed his mind and took a place in the moonlight in the centre of the road.

"Why, Bale, old lad!" a cheery voice called out. "What brings you here?"

"There's a nightingale in the coppice yonder," said Bale. "Listen!"

They kept silence for a minute, and the bird's song, which had been checked at the sound of the footsteps, began again. The new-comer fidgetted a little, and after a minute or two said—

"It's a pretty music enough. But who'd ha' thought of your caring for it, Bale? Going home again?"

"Yes," said Bale. "At least—I don't know about home. I shall drop in at the Sir Ferdinand."

"Ah!" cried the other, striding on again with Bale at his side, "I should think that was more in your line."

"Well, yes," said Bale, "I suppose it is. Shall we set ourselves to walk towards a glass?"

"Why, no," said his companion. "Not to-night. I've better work on hand. You've always been a trust-worthy sort of chap in a way, Bale. You can keep a secret?"

"I've kept one or two," Bale answered.

"Well, I've done with the Sir Ferdinand, Bale, to begin with. I've been over for a talk with my mother's great-aunt. She's got a tidy handful of money, which is to come to me one of these days, provided the old lady's pleased. I've had a good long talk with her, and between us we've put a stopper on Sir Ferdinand and all his company. I've passed my word never to set foot in a public any more, except as a matter of necessity."

"Lord!" said Bale, "what a thing it is to have a mother's great-aunt! Is that the secret?"

"Why, no," said the other. "The secret's this, Bale. I'm going to get married."

"Oh!" said Bale. "You've squared the old lady, have you?"

"Yes. I've squared the old lady, and I'm off now to the top of the Hill Road, my lad, to carry the news to the young 'un."

"The young lady?" said Bale.

"The young lady," said his companion. "She's been rare and downhearted this six months past about the old woman's opposition. She'll cheer up above a bit when I break the news to her. And look here, Bale, old lad. You and me have always had a liking one for another. There's a bit of a difference in our stations in life, but I've never made a difference on that account. Have I, now? Come! Have I?"

He was forced to be a little insistent on this point, because Bale kept silence.

"Come, now, Bale! Have I? You know whether I have or not."

"No," cried Bale; "you never have."

"When a man's married," said the other, "he's got to let his wife have something of a say about the company he keeps. Now, sometimes you are a most extraordinary racketty chap, Bale. You know you are. Selina's got a bit of a down on you, old lad."

"Don't you trouble about me, George," said Bale. "I know what Miss Rice thinks about me, and I know what I think about Miss Rice. We're never likely to trouble each other."

"Why?" said the lucky lover, checking his walk suddenly and facing round. "What do *you* think about Miss Rice?"

"Oh!" cried Bale, "don't let's have any misunderstanding. I've the very highest opinion of Miss Rice. She's made up her mind that I'm a wastrel, and she's let me see her opinion. She's quite right, George—*quite* right. I *am* a wastrel. I'm no fit society for her, and if, as a married woman, she makes up her mind as I'm no fit companion for her husband, why, all I say is, her will be done. I shall never think the worse of her. It's a woman's business to keep her own man straight."

"If I met the man," said George, "as had a word to say again' her, I'd knock his head off!"

"Why, so would I," said Bale, "if I had any sort o' right to do it. Well, here's the Sir Ferdinand. Good-night, George, and good luck."

"Not yet," returned George. "We haven't got to the bottom of what I wanted. Try and be a bit steady, Bale. That'll bring Selina round; and I'd like to see an old chum at the fireside now and then. I don't want to lose you, Bale."

"Oh, well! We'll talk o' that another time. Neither Miss Rice, as she is, nor Mrs. Truman, as she will be, wants me about her. Good-night, George. We shall meet to-morrow."

II.

How Bale Tolley, who had gone to the bad this three years, went headlong to the worse from that evening forward, is not worth telling, and yet was told in a thousand households. There was good choice of blackguard society in the neighbourhood for any man who cared to seek it. Bale found the worst, and played the uncrowned king among it. His name grew to be a byword. Anxious parents warned their sons against him. Sinners of tender age, yet under the influence of Sunday-school, were directed to him as a sample of the wickedness to which they might descend if evil courses were not in time abandoned. And yet it is to be doubted if Bale, according to his own lights, was so very terribly wicked after all. If there were an organised fight on the Spoil Bank, got up in defiance of the police, and unknown to them until the affair was over, Bale arranged it. Pretty often he was in it as a principal, and amateurs in the art of self-defence came from far and near to try conclusions with him. He belonged to the very rowdiest band of Sunday pigeon-flyers to be found within ten miles. He was on terms of open enmity with the local constabulary. He cheeked the Vicar hideously on one occasion. But then the Vicar was not a good man, and Bale's opinion, though expressed with too little verbal reticence, was the opinion of many. Bale kept fighting-cocks and a fighting bull-dog, and he did all his racketting noisily, and seemed to take a vicious pride in it. Even the Reverend Mr. Thame, who was (in that part of the world) the very first of that curiously mixed band of noble-minded ascetics and silly man-milliners who were just then beginning to be known as The Ritualists—even Mr. Thame gave Bale up as a bad job, and though he never ceased to pray for him, as he prayed for all—the sweet enthusiast!—was without hope about him. Only the old woman who had sometimes "mothered" him in his lonely and miserable childhood had ever a sympathetic thought about him.

"Poor Bale!" she would say to herself, for she hardly dared say it to another, Bale was so flagrantly a sinner. "He's got the very look of his father on him. It might be printed on his back and be no plainer reading. Ruined dare-devil. It's wrote large all over him. But he's a beautiful figure of a man to look at yet, an' if iver a child's heart was i' the right place, that child's was when he *was* a child."

George Truman and Selina Rice were cried in church; but of this Bale knew nothing, for he did not mix with church-going people. But George and Selina were married, and that fact came to his hearing. Except Selina and her mother and Bale himself, no soul had an idea that it concerned him in the least. He had an amateur prize-fight on hand on the wedding-day, and had been at some pains to arrange the event for that especial date. It had been fixed for one day later, but he got the time changed at very brief notice and at some expense to himself. It was noticed that he fought with an extraordinary vigour and intensity, and the spectators supposed him to have a personal animus against his adversary. As a matter of fact, the man was almost a stranger, but to Bale he represented Destiny.

The married pair took up residence in their own house after a three days' trip, and George Truman went back to the office of the mining engineer who employed him. Bale drove his engines at the mine, the Three Crowns Yard; and a year went by. Then the two men met again, Bale in his labouring grime at his engines, and George in his more respectable working gear.

"Hallo, Bale, old lad," said the lucky man, "how art? I've come to have a business look at things."

"Going down?" asked Bale.

George nodded and looked about him, rather evading Bale's eye than not, said an indifferent thing or two about the weather and so on, and went his way.

"Ting!" said the little bell. Bale handled his levers, and watched the dial-face.

"I could smash him like an egg," said Bale, "and not a living creature would think it was anything but an accident."

George's mind was in his work, and he had no guess of what was passing in the thoughts of the man who at the instant controlled his destinies. The descending skip swung to its stopping-place like a feather. The married man stepped out and made his way along the workings in pursuit of his own business. The bachelor above ground folded his smeared arms across his chest, planted his back against an iron upright which ran from floor to ceiling, and pulled at his pipe, awaiting the next signal.

"Here, you!" he shouted to a boy who passed the door. "What the devil do you mean by letting all this cotton-waste lie about here? Clear it out."

"All right, gaffer," said the boy. "In a minute."

"Ting!" said the little bell. Bale set down his pipe, and took the levers. The pipe fell over. When his immediate task was finished he looked for it, and could not find it. He raked the cotton-waste here and there with his foot. No pipe. Bale cursed a little to relieve his feelings. "Ting!" said the little bell, and he went back

to his work. He swung the skip up, the careful eye seeking the dial every now and then. Being free once more, he began his search again. He kicked the oily waste savagely, and all at once, as if it had been a living thing, a flame broke out at him. He raced swiftly to the door, and shouted "Fire!" "Ting! ting! ting! ting-a-ling-ling-ling!" The little bell was mad.

"What's the matter?" he yelled.

"Shaft afire!" roared a voice from the side of the distant downcast.

"My God!" said Bale, and dashing back to the engine-house, he fought wildly with the growing flames. He stamped out the blazing waste, and turned again to his levers. Round spun the shining wheels. Smooth and steady went piston and crank, round crept the hand on the dial. He looked behind him and the floor was smouldering.

"Fire here!" he shouted. "Engine-house afire!"

"Ting!" said the little bell. There were a hundred and fifty men below, and he was their one helper. He obeyed the bell, and then rushed once more into the open, trumpeting with all his lungs.

"Help here! Help! Engine-house afire!"

"Ting!" said the bell. The floor was crumbling with flame, and the partition wall had caught. It was built of thin wood, and was dryer than tinder. The fire raged, and he was back at his levers in the midst of it—scorched, choked, blinded. Then help came with a roar of voices. "Ting!" said the inexorable bell. He held on to his post, fighting against death. Outside, men, formed in line, passed buckets from hand to hand, and the contents being dashed upon the flames filled the room with scalding steam. He could not see the dial any longer, but he worked by instinct, and the instinct never betrayed him once. "Ting!" and the first stage of the cage was filled with rescued men. "Ting!" and the second stage was filled. "Ting!" and the third stage was filled. Then he tore her up like fire, checked her, coaxed her, stopped her to a foot. "Ting" and "Ting" and

"Ting" and the three stages were empty, and that batch of thirty was back to life again. Then he sent her down like a stone, and lived along the plunge in his own mind until he felt she should be there. Instinct proved true again by the bell's voice.

His body was in hell, but his soul leapt with a passionate intoxication of revolt and mastery to defy its pains. The men outside dashed water on his burning clothes. They howled applause at him. Some among them wept as they cheered, and one went shrieking, with both hands writhing in the air, as if he himself were tortured.

It was all done at last, and there went up a cry of triumph terrible to hear. Bale reached the open air charred, blackened, scarce human to look at, and as he fell into the nearest comrade's arms the roof of the engine-house dropped in. They carried him to the nearest cottage, and all that could be done for him was done. He

was conscious to the end, and he made shift to ask for Selina. She came, her mother with her.

"I wanted you to know," said Bale. "I couldn't have gone through with it if your George hadn't been down."

Selina stooped and kissed him, her tears raining on his face.

"There, there!" said Bale. "That's the end of it all."

God has made nothing stranger than man, to be blackguard and hero, devil and angel in a breath.

THE END.

The industry of Mr. John Tweed has found plenty of scope in the prospective additions to the statuary of South Africa, upon which the well-known sculptor has for some

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A brass tablet has been placed in St. Matthias's Church, Dublin, to the Bishop of Killaloe and Mrs. Wynne, both of whom died suddenly and almost simultaneously a short time ago. The congregation has also given a silver communion service in memory of the Bishop, who for twenty years was incumbent of the church.

The Bishop of London is determined not to fritter away his time in miscellaneous meetings. In an amusing speech at the Diocesan Conference last week he complained that the clergy expected him to preach once a year in every church in the diocese, preferably at the harvest or dedication festival. They would also like him to preside at every parochial meeting. The Bishop frankly stated that he did not propose to preach at any harvest festivals or dedications, or to take the chair at many meetings. Since his appointment to London he had been conscious of increasing mental deterioration simply because he had no time for study.

I am sorry to learn that the Bishop of Natal is somewhat seriously ill. He requires constant medical care, and is not allowed to attend to business.

Plans have now been adopted for the restoration of Bradford Church as a memorial of the late Archdeacon Bardsley. The estimated cost is £4000, and towards this a sum of £2328 is in hand or promised.

The meetings of the Church Missionary Society, held at Exeter Hall last week under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, were very well attended. The Archbishop said that from his earliest years he had been interested in the Society. He had been connected with it even before he went to school at twelve years of age, and from childhood had been taught to pray for its prosperity.

The report showed that the number of adult baptisms for the past year had been 7700, the largest on record. There had been a further great ingathering in Uganda, where 3700 adults had been

admitted into the Church. The position of the Society's funds is more prosperous than ever. The receipts for the year from all sources exceeded those of any former year by £25,000.

Salisbury is preparing to celebrate the Jubilee with special services. At the recent Diocesan Synod, the Bishop mentioned that a special form of worship had been prepared by himself and the Dean for use in the Cathedral on June 3, when a thanksgiving service will be held. He believed all loyal Nonconformists would welcome the opportunity of joining, and suggested that it would be a good thing if Nonconformist ministers could read the lessons or take some part in the choir.

Many Colonial Bishops have come to England for the Jubilee. The Bishop of Sydney and the Bishop of Brisbane are both to be in this country during the season. V.



Outside, men, formed in line, passed buckets from hand to hand.

time past been engaged. A handsome bronze statue of Van Riebeck, the first of the Cape's Dutch Governors, destined ere long to cross the seas to its South African resting place, is to be seen in the Victorian Exhibition, recently opened at the Crystal Palace; and having last week dismissed to the foundry his completed cast of the great statue of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, which is to adorn the town of Bulawayo, Mr. Tweed has now devoted his attention to the monument which is to be erected at Zimbabwe to commemorate the heroism of Major Allan Wilson and his men. This memorial includes thirty-five life-size models of men on horseback.

The second of the telephone cables forming the new London and Paris service was laid on April 8 by the telegraph ship *Monarch*. The cable goes ashore on French territory at Sahout, some four miles west of Calais, and its English end is fixed at Abbot's Cliff, near Dover.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

The thoughtful columns of the *Spectator* have been diversified of late years by communications from correspondents containing anecdotes of animal life. Many of them were interesting enough to merit presentation in book form. A selection from them of dog stories was issued separately, and under the same editorship now appears *Cat and Bird Stories from the "Spectator,"* with an introduction by John St. Loe Strachey (T. Fisher Unwin), the volume including anecdotes of other animals as well as of insects and reptiles. It is a very amusing and interesting collection, and among the signatures of the correspondents whose communications have furnished its contents are such well-known names as those of Richard Littledale, Edmund Venables, Thomas Hughes, and "William Walsham Bedford," now Bishop of Wakefield. The cat finds numerous defenders from the charges often brought against it of selfishness, ingratitude to benefactors, and preference of places to persons, while some of the *Spectator's* correspondents consider its sagacity quite equal to that of the dog. Mr. Strachey, however, in his entertaining introduction, says next to nothing of feline amiability and intelligence, pronouncing the "special quality" of the cat to be "dignity, degenerating in a few exceptional cases into pomposity, on the one hand, or insolence and cynicism on the other," and its exhibitions of dignity to be often extremely amusing. Some of the communications aim at rehabilitating, so to speak, animals too sweepingly vilified or unjustly depreciated. Several correspondents mention instances of the British cuckoo both laying and hatching eggs in a nest, though a very flimsy one, made by itself. Others contend that the sheep is neither silly nor stupid, but sagacious, and one of its champions goes the length of maintaining that its eyes are as beautiful as the gazelle's, and even express "infinite tenderness and pathos." Perhaps it was a holder of this belief who first

Marchmont, is a young man, left alone in the world, with plenty of money and much more heart than head. He is on the road to ruin, but is arrested in his downward course, when his friendly physician persuades a married lady, and his senior, Angela Carrington, to take Jim under her wing and wean him from vulgar dissipation. Angela, beautiful, fascinating, and socially ambitious, had married for love a clever but struggling barrister, and their means are inadequate to give them "position." She and her husband have, without anything like overt disagreement, become slightly estranged, and she takes pleasure—harmless pleasure—in the society of the admiring and unsophisticated Jim, of whom Mr. Carrington is not in the least jealous, and who, of course, becomes in time desperately, though silently, enamoured of her. Meanwhile, the old country clergyman with whom Jim had lived as a pupil dies, leaving almost destitute his only child, the charming and innocent Veronica. She and Jim had been brought up together and she is very much in love with him, while his feeling towards her is not much stronger than that of a brother. She comes to London, and after the usual struggle meets Jim in the house of a dashing woman of the world, who has engaged her as a companion, and who with her "fast" set is very cleverly drawn. Finding Jim infatuated with Angela Carrington, Veronica marries a very undesirable member of that set, and this is one of the blemishes of the story. When Jim at last tells Angela of his passion she has found out that she still loves her husband, and that he still loves her. It was their poverty that had made him moody, and thus led her to believe that he did not care for her. This being explained to Jim he very heroically shoots himself, that he may leave her all his money and so make her happy—a decidedly original but unsatisfactory close to a well-written and otherwise well-told story.

With indefatigable perseverance, inexhaustible fertility of resource, and the skill of an accomplished literary artist, Sir W. W. Hunter continues to perform his self-

his mother, he came to England and Charterhouse School. His English guardian was Peter Moore, who had made a fortune in India, becoming an M.P. on returning to England, where he lived in some splendour at Hadley, until he suffered complete financial collapse during the crisis of speculation in 1824-25. He fled from his creditors to France, dying there in 1828, when the future novelist was seventeen. The young Thackeray often paid his guardian flying visits from the Charterhouse, and Moore's financial shipwreck may have contributed to the novelist's sketch of the last years of Colonel Newcome. In spite of Moore's own imprudence, he safeguarded the fortune of the fatherless boy. "Thackeray," Sir W. W. Hunter says, "on coming of age in 1832, found himself, we are told, in possession of £20,000." Had he husbanded his patrimony the world might never have had occasion to welcome "Vanity Fair."

Thanks to the affectionate care of his daughter and biographer, the collected edition of Dean Church's writings, published by Messrs. Longman, is now completed with the appearance of an eighth and a ninth volume. They contain "occasional papers selected from the *Guardian*, the *Times*, and the *Saturday Review*, 1846-90." The slightest as well as the most elaborate of them, are characteristic of their author, the eminent Churchman, the accomplished scholar, and, as his monographs on Dante and Anselm, Bacon and Spenser testify, the distinguished man of letters. Most of the contents of the two volumes are essays either on political, ecclesiastical, and theological topics, or are so tinged by Dean Church's doctrinal opinions as to be unsuited for detailed notice in these columns, even if space allowed it. Among the exceptions is a brilliant fragment on "Queen Elizabeth," which, with the disquisition on the "Beginnings of the Middle Ages" in Vol. 7 of the collected edition, excites a regret that Dean Church did not devote himself more to history proper. Another exception is the striking paper on Epictetus, in which his personality, character, and relation to his age are vividly



THE FIRE AT A CHARITY BAZAAR IN PARIS: SCENES REPRESENTING OLD PARIS.

Photographed the day before the Disaster.

spoke of amatory glances as making sheep's eyes at the human object of affection. Altogether the volume is far more amusing, and certainly very much more instructive, than a host of the novels now being issued in ever-increasing numbers.

Welcome testimony is borne to the enduring popularity of the "witty Canon of St. Paul's," through the appearance of a new edition (the fourth within twelve years) of *The Life and Times of Sydney Smith*, by Mr. Stuart J. Reid, the recent biographer of Earl Russell (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.). Mr. Reid has added to this edition of his well-written, skilfully compiled, and prettily illustrated volume, some new letters and an excellent portrait of the inimitable creator of Peter Plymley, taken at the age of forty-six. There is one passage which Sydney Smith's numerous admirers must regret that his biographer has not had reason to cancel. "It is reported," Mr. Reid says, "that Dean Milman on his death-bed urged that a memorial to Sydney Smith should be placed in the Cathedral; but more than half a century has rolled away since that quiet funeral at Kensal Green, and the matter is still in abeyance. Strangers from distant shores still wander from aisle to aisle of this vast and stately church, searching for some memorial of Sydney Smith, only at last to learn with chagrin that amid all the monuments which there silently appeal to the living on behalf of the dead, no place has yet been found 'at St. Paul's against the wall' for even so much as a line on marble or brass to the memory of a man whom Macaulay admired as an admirable reasoner, and whom he termed 'the greatest master of ridicule who has appeared in England since Swift.'" The reference in this extract to "St. Paul's against the wall" is singularly pathetic when its application is explained. Sydney Smith was by no means a vain man, yet when writing, in the last decade of his life, to a friend in the East, he said that he was "slowly going down the hill of life," adding that if his friend delayed much longer a return to England he would find him "at St. Paul's against the wall." What a reproach are these few words to successive custodians of our Metropolitan cathedral!

Clever and sprightly, but with a most uncomfortable ending, is Noel Ainslie's novel, *An Erring Pilgrimage* (Lawrence and Bullen). The hero and erring pilgrim, Jim

imposed and admirable task of familiarising his countrymen with the history and condition of our great Oriental dependency, and with the strenuous efforts and brilliant achievements, too often uncommemorated, by which Englishmen have made India what it is. Many readers will open his new volume, *The Thackerays in India, and Some Calcutta Graves* (Henry Frowde), simply to learn from it something of the family history of the author of "Vanity Fair." They will find in it all they could wish for and probably a good deal more than they expected. The introductory chapter, modestly entitled "Some Calcutta Graves," contains a graphic account of the rise and growth of Calcutta, and of its ill-requited founder, Job Charnock; while among its vivid personal sketches is one of Sir Philip Francis, the vindictive persecutor of Warren Hastings, and now generally recognised as Junius. For the chapter specially devoted to the Thackerays in India, Sir W. W. Hunter has not only been furnished with documents in the possession of Thackeray's surviving daughter, but has explored most diligently and vigilantly the official Anglo-Indian records, and during his long residence and journeys in India has orally collected local memories of the sayings and doings of those members of the family who entered the service of the East India Company. The novelist's grandfather, a William Makepeace Thackeray, whose Christian name and surname the grandson was to render famous, was a son of the Head-Master of Harrow, and went to India in 1776; like Clive, as a "writer." Of his nine sons, all entered the service of the Company save one, the author of the biography of Chatham on which Macaulay based two of the most brilliant of his essays. Of the other eight, one entered the Company's military service, and died, sword in hand, a brave soldier's death. All of the Anglo-Indian Thackerays in the Company's civil service were conspicuous for ability. Some of them showed signal administrative capacity, and Sir W. W. Hunter's narrative of their careers throws very instructive light on the settlement of Bengal and the organisation of its civil service in the eighteenth century. The novelist's father, Richmond Thackeray, in early years a dashing and rather luxurious young fellow, died in India and in harness when William Makepeace was a boy of four. The novelist's mother was a Calcutta belle, for whom during her long life Thackeray cherished a devotion which inspired him with the tender respect for true-hearted women displayed in all his writings. Without

brought out, and both the grandeur of his teaching and its limitations are treated in masterly fashion. One great merit of Dean Church's writings, conspicuously displayed in these volumes, is his love of fairness and his desire to be just to those with whom he disagrees, whatever may be his immediate topic—Cardinal Newman or Ernest Renan, Loyola or the author of "Robert Elsmere," Mark Pattison or St. Jerome. From this particular point of view, about the most remarkable essay in the volumes is that on the controversy between the author of the "Vestiges of Creation" and his numerous assailants.

It says much for the state of culture in Australia that an elaborate course of lectures on the older literature of France, delivered in French, should have found appreciative audiences in busy commercial Melbourne. The favourable reception there bestowed on them has induced the lecturer, Madame Irma Dreyfus, to have them translated into English as *Lectures on French Literature*. They are published by Messrs. Longman in a handsome volume. It embraces the history of French literature from the *Chanson de Geste* in the middle of the eleventh century to the death of Molière in 1673. So far Professor Saintsbury's excellent history of French literature cannot vie with that of Madame Dreyfus's in fullness, and in this respect it really has no equal in our language. One great merit of the work which should commend it to the English student is that Madame Dreyfus gives not only a critical history of five centuries of French literature, but interesting biographies of the chief authors who contributed to it, and further, that she has furnished copious extracts, original and translated, from their most characteristic writings.

The hymnology of the United States is little known in England, and a large section of the religious public will doubtless welcome the beautiful little volume, *The Treasury of American Sacred Song*, with notes explanatory and biographical, selected and edited by W. Garrett Horder, editor of the "Poet's Bible," and issued by Mr. Henry Frowde, of the Oxford University Press. The bulk of its contents, mainly devotional, are, of course, unsuited for secular criticism. But there are many pieces in the volume, by such writers as Emerson, Thoreau, Walt Whitman, Longfellow, and others, which, though in harmony with its general spirit, cannot be called devotional.

THE FIRE AT A CHARITY BAZAAR IN PARIS.



THE FIRE SEEN FROM THE CHAMP DE MARS.



ENTRANCE AND FRONT OF THE BURNING BUILDING.



THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING A LITTLE LATER.



BURNING VICTIMS RUSHING OUT ONLY TO FALL DEAD.



HOTEL WINDOW THROUGH WHICH 150 PEOPLE WERE SAVED.



THE DAY AFTER THE FIRE.

From Snap-shots by Mr. Richard Wilmer.



IDENTIFYING THE REMAINS OF THE VICTIMS.

Drawn by G. Amato.



THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR: PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE UNDER FIRE AT THE BATTLE OF MATI.

From a sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

It is difficult to write on any other subject than that of the Paris disaster, for assuredly no more terrible one has ever befallen a civilised community. Every tragic event has, however, its lighter side, and in this instance it was reserved for an Englishman, a popular journalist and well-known author, to supply it. I am alluding to Mr. George R. Sims, who drew attention to the fact that "Old Moore," the compiler of the world-famed almanack, had predicted the calamity.

I have not the honour to know this modern prophet personally, hence I am unable to guess the source whence his inspiration comes. In fact, if we are to believe "Old Moore" himself, his ignorance in this respect seems to be quite as dense as mine, seeing that he confessed as much to the representative of a comparatively young contemporary

not to mince words, many of the better educated, both men and women, must in this respect be classed with the multitude. I am not aware if the Stationers' Company still publish an "Old Moore's Almanack." They did so some years ago, and on one occasion they had the courage to leave out all the farrago of rubbish and the hieroglyphs stolen by Lilly from monkish manuscripts, and stolen by the original "Old Moore," who must be gathered to his fathers long since, from Lilly. The result was that most of the copies were returned on their hands.

The Stationers' Company did not repeat the experiment, nor did they attempt to alter Wing's sheet almanack, although Wing, who died eight or nine years after the Restoration, was known to be an impostor and what we call a "fortune-teller." Sir Roger l'Estrange, the Licensor of Almanacks in Pepys' time, was more plucky than that; it should also be said that he did not

did not believe in them. Individually, I am unable to reconcile the two contradictions contained in this one sentence. If I tried I should have to conclude that the Frenchwoman's belief in apparitions was as strong, though denied, as her fear of them.

I skip another seventy or eighty years, and come to Charles Dickens, who to the end of his days believed in a prediction told to him in Lady Blessington's drawing-room by a pupil of the famous Madame Lenormand, who had prophesied to Josephine de Beauharnais that she would be Empress. The pupil warned the great novelist that one day he and one of his offspring should escape death by something very little short of a miracle. I need not remind the reader that Dickens was in the terrible railway accident at Staplehurst, and that he escaped unhurt. He had upon him the manuscript of "Our Mutual Friend," at present in the possession of Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The manuscript, according to Dickens, was the offspring



MARSHAL FOUAD PASHA,
COMMANDING A DETACHMENT OF THE FRONTIER ARMY.



RIZA PASHA,
MINISTER FOR WAR.



GAZI OSMAN PASHA,
DESPATCHED FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO TAKE OVER THE COMMAND.



SAADETTIN PASHA,
COMMANDING A DETACHMENT OF THE FRONTIER ARMY.



EDHEM PASHA,
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY ON THE FRONTIER.



HASSAN PASHA,
MINISTER OF MARINE.

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: TURKISH MINISTERS AND COMMANDING OFFICERS.

From Photographs by Abdullah, Constantinople.

who went to sound him on the subject. "How can I enlighten you as to why I was led to predict the death of the Duke of Clarence on the very day it occurred, or the loss of the *Victoria* to within a week of the disaster, when I really cannot explain to myself the presentiment I had," said this nineteenth-century Isaiah.

The admission has, at any rate, the merit of frankness. It also acquits "Old Moore" of to-day of the accusations made by Charles Knight, Walter Thornbury, Cunningham, and others, against his predecessors, of publishing the almanack with the aid of nonsensical old astrological tables, describing the moon's influence on various parts of the human body. In spite of this, the whole episode is by no means flattering to the supposed spread of popular education, and to its corollary, popular progress. We have no reason to suspect so clever a man as Mr. Sims of believing in the purely accidental coincidence; but there is little doubt that thousands of less logical people will henceforth consult "Old Moore's Almanack" in order to get a peep into the future. All things considered, we think it better that the future should be shrouded in darkness. But to the masses the divine precept, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," has never commended itself, and,

risk anything, as he had no interest in any of the publications. Nevertheless, he told Sir Edward Walker that the Great Fire of London had practically been foretold by Nostrodamus, Mother Shipton, and other "prophets," and that he had resolutely struck the prophecies out whenever they came under his notice. Whether Sir Roger himself believed that these things would come to pass or that it was wise not to alarm Londoners needlessly, "in case the prophets should have made a mistake," will never be ascertained; for it is certain that few of his fellow-beings at that time, either educated or not, were entirely without superstitions of some kind. Lady Carteret told Pepys a curious fact in connection with the Great Fire. The wind drove showers of partly burnt bits of paper as far as Cranborne, in Windsor Forest; she happened to pick one up, or had it picked up for her. A few words in print remained legible—namely, "Time is, it is done."

A century later, a giant of literature and knowledge, to wit, Samuel Johnson, professed his belief in the ghost of Cock-Lane, adding, however, that he was not afraid of it. A woman of wit and culture, Madame Geoffrin, several years after that admitted that she was afraid of ghosts, but

alluded to. After this, it is not necessary to insist how less educated people will be affected by such a quasi-prophecy as that to which Mr. Sims has drawn attention. Unconsciously, the kindly journalist has done them a bad turn.

April 23, St. George's Day, is held in honour by lovers of literature chiefly as the reputed birthday and deathday of Shakspeare; but the date has this year been commemorated as the two hundred and second anniversary of the death of another poet of less glorious yet safely abiding renown, Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, by the unveiling of a tablet to his memory in Llansantffraed Church. Vaughan's tomb in the adjacent churchyard has also been restored by the subscriptions of his latter-day admirers.

Each of the Colonial Premiers who are to visit the mother country for the forthcoming Diamond Jubilee celebrations will, on arrival, be received by Mr. Chamberlain in person, and the military detachments representing the various colonies will be met by certain officers appointed by the War Office, who will escort the visitors to their place of sojourn at Chelsea Barracks. The Colonial procession will fall into position on the Horse Guards Parade.



- | | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|---|
| 1. Volo seen from Demetrias Height. | 2. Volo Bay from Demetrias. | 3. Ancient Citadel and Modern Village of Pharsalia. |
| 4. Mount Olympus from the Battlefield of Pharsalia. | 5. Ruined Viaduct, Pegasa, Volo Bay. | |

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: VIEWS OF VELESTINO AND VOLO.

From Sketches supplied by the Right Hon. Sir Richard Temple, Bart.

A GREAT WATER POWER IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE ST. LAWRENCE POWER COMPANY OF MASSENA.

The United States have in the past shown a wonderful capacity for producing "big things," and when they "harnessed Niagara" it was thought that they had "whipped creation" in the production of the greatest water-power on earth. Now, however, "God's country," as the true American loves to call it, has surpassed itself, and a canal is to be constructed from the St. Lawrence River capable of delivering between four and five hundred thousand horse-power. These figures are so stupendous that it is difficult to grasp them at first, for such an amount of power is tantamount to the discovery of a new coal-field, with this immense advantage, that, while the largest coal-field must in time be worked out, the mighty waters of the St. Lawrence, fed by the great lake system of the United States, will roll on unaffected by the huge power developed. The site of this proposed great engineering work is Massena, a small town situated on the Grass River in the State of New York, about sixty miles above Montreal and about eighteen miles below Ogdensburg. A canal is to be cut from the St. Lawrence River to the Grass River, which is a tributary of the former, and runs into it about six miles below the town of Massena. The two rivers run practically parallel to each other for a considerable distance, divided by an almost level plateau of alluvial soil; but owing to the extraordinary topography of the land here, the Grass River is about fifty-four feet below the level of the St. Lawrence. By cutting a canal between the two



VIEW OF GRASS RIVER, SHOWING BLUFFS ON THE NORTH BANK OVER WHICH THE WATER FROM THE CANAL IS DISCHARGED WITH A FALL OF 47 FEET: THE UPPER DAM AND TOWN OF MASSENA IN THE DISTANCE.

chemical processes has been the cost of power. Steam-power, in the most favourably situated districts, costs on an average £15 per horse-power per year. At Niagara, a

annum. This should entirely revolutionise the electro-chemical industries, and will be very much to them what the utilisation of steam to vessels has been to ocean traffic. The construction of the canal is to be commenced this spring, and it is anticipated that at least 50,000 electrical horse-power will be ready for delivery next year. Considering the great value of water-power, it is curious that more is not done in the United Kingdom to discover and make use of the rivers and lakes for that purpose. It is true that it would be impossible to compete with the great lake system of the United States, and that, compared with the gigantic undertaking now being discussed, the thousand or two horse-power English rivers might produce sounds hardly worth troubling about. Still, when the great advantages that water-power has over steam-power is considered, it might be supposed that every effort would be made to discover and utilise them. If Englishmen, however, will not trouble about their native streams, they have been quick to see the importance of the Massena project, and a large proportion of the capital required for the St. Lawrence Power Company of Massena—a company incorporated under an Act of the Legislature of the State of New York, dated May 9, 1896—has been found in London. Mr. Manville, the English engineer selected to go out and report upon the proposed canal, after a most careful and exhaustive examination of all the details, states that no other water-powers in the United States "can compare with the project before you, either as to capital, cost, maintenance, or the large amount of power that may be derived under the powers of your charter, for it is likely to prove feasible, if the demand warrants it, that your works can be extended to produce as much as 400,000 to 500,000-horse power." As a rule our American cousins keep all their best things to themselves, only putting upon the English market their wooden nutmegs and other similar commodities not required for home consumption. It is, therefore, satisfactory to know that in the present instance they have not secured the entire control of this proposed great development of water-power, but will have to share the benefits to be derived with their British relatives.



VIEW OF GRASS RIVER, SHOWING PORTION OF LOWER BLUFFS UPON WHICH THE POWER-HOUSE AND FACTORIES WILL BE ERECTED.

rivers, and thus diverting the water from the St. Lawrence, a minimum fall can be obtained of about forty-four feet. The water taken from the St. Lawrence will be restored through the Grass River, which will thus form a natural tail race.

Considerable care has been taken in choosing the route of the canal. Several trial surveys have been made to determine that route which would involve the removal of the smallest quantity of earth to form a canal of the requisite dimensions beneath the water-level. The intake leaves the St. Lawrence at the mouth of a small natural creek which at present flows into the river, affording a natural depression in the bank of the river, which will very much minimise the cost of the construction of the canal inlet. Moreover, a natural headland here projects out into the St. Lawrence, securing a perfect protection to the inlet of the canal from the drifting ice which is carried along in vast quantities at the breaking-up of the cold season.

Where the canal reaches the high banks of the Grass River it will turn parallel to that stream, and the water supply for the turbines will be by direct pipes from the canal, which will be connected by short conduits to the Grass River. The canal will be of such dimensions as to be capable of delivering 150,000-horse power on the turbines on the Grass River, and the requisite electrical machinery will be set up for delivering 75,000-horse power of this electrically. As the demand for power warrants it, the works can be extended to produce, it is said, up to 500,000-horse power.

With the birth of what may be termed the "new chemistry," which may be briefly explained as the manufacture electrically of the chemical products used in commerce, the existence of this huge water-power is a matter of enormous interest to the trading community. The great difficulty hitherto in the various new electro-

charge of 22 dollars, or, say, £4 10s. is made per horse-power per annum; while at Massena it is proposed to sell at the rate of from £2 10s. to £3 per horse-power per



POINT OF INTAKE FOR THE CANAL FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(See Supplement.)

We revert to the exhibition at Burlington House in order that we may not seem to pass without notice several works which are in a way landmarks of contemporary art. Mr. C. W. Furse's pictures, although nominally only portraits of Masters of Foxhounds (538 and 563), are in reality complete pictures. The sportsmen, their companions, the horses, the hounds, and the very country where they hunt, are depicted, and everything seems so to fit into its place that we wonder why this way of painting sportsmen, common enough a century ago, was abandoned. Mr. Furse, it must be admitted, has succeeded incomparably better than "the old masters," whose works are still to be found in old country houses in the shires; but that is because he has imagination, and understands not only the painting, but the making of a picture. If only Mr. Oulless could have allowed himself to relax his Academic manner, and infused some association into his portrait of Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane (687), the Marylebone Cricket Club of the next century would know more of its predecessors' ways and looks. If, on the other hand, realism is the true aim of portrait-painting, then such works as M. Léon Comerre's portrait of Mlle. Gayrard Pacini (942) deserves a place in the first rank. It conveys the sense of being flesh and blood in a degree which not even Mr. H. Herkomer's Madonna (625) succeeds in doing, for in this figure, to which a tragic interest is attached, the arms and hands are wooden and hard in the extreme, but the pose is graceful and the face beautiful.

In pure landscape the exhibition may be regarded as above the average. Mr. J. W. North, with his tangled foliage and rich Somersetshire atmosphere, gives some delicate studies of the Quantock dells in early spring (152), in early summer (583), and in early autumn (606), three appreciative renderings of nature in various garbs, and all equally becoming. Mr. Alfred East is the only other landscape-painter who in any way approaches Mr. North; but his views are wider, and his sympathies lie in another direction. In both "The Silence of Morning" (597) and on the banks of "The Sleepy River Somme" (418), although wholly different in motive, there is an identity of feeling which comes from wider range of view and even of thought. Mr. North's horizon is always limited by hills or sandbanks, and whether at Mustapha or among the Quantocks, he seldom gets beyond his visual range. Mr. East, on the other hand, seems to feel his landscape ever eluding him in his effort to grasp its silent beauties, and to infuse into the spectator his own meditative mood. Among the younger men who deserve notice for conscientious work, not without its poetic feeling, should be mentioned Mr. Ridley Corbet's "Vespers" (559), a fine bit of Italian colouring; Mr. Carlile Macartney's "Harlech Castle" (381), more vigorous than anything he has painted of late; and Mr. Arthur Ryle's "Studies round Dornoch" (382 and 690), truthful specimens of healthy outdoor work when all nature seems at rest.

In quite a different style is Miss Lucy Kemp Welch's "Colt-Hunting in the New Forest" (346), full of dash and movement, with every animal in the stampede carefully painted, and set round with a true bit of forest glade. Mr. Logsdail, who has failed to retain the place in public esteem he gained many years ago by his "Piazza of St. Mark," now shows once more as a clever painter of Venetian life, but he is even stronger in his humorous rendering of "Maria" (564), from the "Sentimental Journey." Mr. Frank Dicksee neither adds to nor detracts from his reputation by such charming symphonies as "Dawn" (147) and "Meditation" (280). Mr. George H. Boughton's large canvas, "After Midnight Mass" (278), will probably raise the question of how far such bright colours are distinguishable by scanty torchlight and paler moonlight, the snow-carpeted pavement notwithstanding. Sir E. Poynter proves satisfactorily that it is not expected in a President to emulate the example of Lord Leighton or Sir John Millais. Mr. Edward Gregory sends his "Boulter's Lock" (328), the picture on which he has been engaged for so many years, and therefore deserving of our respectful attention. He has certainly managed the brilliant sunlight with marvellous dexterity, and presents a gay scene almost in movement. The main defect of the picture seems to be the predominant tones of red, which do not harmonise in the cramped space allowed. Naval and military subjects, as might be expected, are not without their illustrators. Unfortunately, Mr. Somerscales, who came with a rush two or three years ago, fails to maintain his place by "The Last Fight of the *Revenge*" (618), as told by Tennyson; and Mr. Holst is scarcely more happy in depicting an earlier episode in Drake's little ship (611). Among the military incidents, that chosen by Lady Butler, "The 57th Regiment (the Die-hards) on the Ridge at Albuera" (663), will be the most generally popular, reviving as it does not only the recollection of our fellow-countrymen's self-command under fire, but of the artist's former triumphs. It is strange that two artists, Mr. Caton Woodville (940) and Mr. W. B. Wollen (478), should have selected the brilliant feat of Norman Ramsay at Fuentes Onoro bursting through the ranks with his guns. The story as told by Napier is well worth painting, and both artists have dealt with it in the true spirit of military dash. Mr. James P. Beadle has taken up the act of Corporal Styles, of the Royal Dragoons, bearing aloft the Eagle captured by his regiment at Waterloo, and the painting of the trooper's horse leaves little room for criticism.

In the Sculpture Room, Mr. George Frampton's life-size statue of Dame Alice Owen (2101), of Islington fame, is a curious combination of bronze and marble, which is distinctly effective. Mr. Onslow Ford's somewhat fantastic design for the Jowett Memorial (2058) seems a little out of character, although artistically beautiful. Mr. Alfred Gilbert's "Ewer and Rose-water Dish" (2090) is, let us hope, a forerunner in the renaissance of English metal-work, of which Mr. W. Reynolds-Stephen's silver "Bonbon Dish" (2094) is also a good specimen. Mr. Onslow Ford's portrait-busts of Sir John Millais (1993), Mr. George Alexander (2054), and Mr. Herbert Spencer (2057) are eminently satisfactory; and Mr. Briton Riviere contributes a most interesting anatomical "Study of a Lion" (2099), from which we may infer the care with which he paints his animals.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

A P THOMPSON (Lillie Road).—You must study a good two-mover, and then compare it with the one you have sent us. You will then see why we cannot make use of your contribution.

J K M (Repton).—The *British Chess Magazine*, published by J. M. Brown, 19, Bagby Street, Leeds. We do not know when the book you name will appear.

W H GRUNDY.—Thanks; the problem shall have our attention.

E N W (Oxford).—We will examine it with pleasure, and trust to find it up to our standard.

W S FENELLOSA (Salem, Mass.).—Thanks for further contribution. Anything bearing your name is sure to be welcome to our solvers.

J HOOPER (Putney).—Do you think you could have done better? It would perhaps be worth your while to challenge Mr. Pillsbury.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2763 received from C A M (Penang), and Thos Devlin (Arcata, Cal.); of No. 2764 from T E Laurent (Bombay), Angelica Pereira (Bombay), Thos Devlin (Arcata), and Nikhilnath Maitra (Chinsurah); of No. 2767 from Jno Lear (Yazoo City, Miss.); of No. 2768 from John G Lord (Castleton), Alpha, and Rev C R Sowell (St. Austell); of No. 2769 from W Pilkington (Pendleton), W Curwen Barrett (Manchester), Castle Lea, Bryn Melyn (Penmaenmawr), Bluet, Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), J S Wesley (Exeter), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2770 received from J Hall, S Davis (Leicester), W Pilkington, E C Weatherley, Alpha, John G Lord (Castleton), F Anderson, C M A B, E P Vulliamy, Colonel Whitehead (Liverpool), R H Brooks, G E Bambridge, Bluet, H Le Jeune, Burleigh (Brighton), E Loudon, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), R Worters (Canterbury), Sandy, Frank R Pickering, F Hooper (Putney), Sorrento, E G Boys, Castle Lea, A Percy Osborne, Eugene Henry, W G D, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), W H Grundy, G T Hughes (Portsmouth), L Desanges (Folkestone), Fred Elliot (Crouch End), H W Winterburn, J Bailey (Newark), T Roberts, Fred J Gross, Charles Burnett, E B Foord (Cheltenham), W R B (Clifton), J Emerson (Saltaire), J F Moon, H St Clair Baldwin, R N, M A Eyre (Folkestone), F A Carter (Maldon), Shadforth, Bryn Melyn (Penmaenmawr), F W C (Edgbaston), G J Veal, J L Thomas (Crewe), Frank Proctor, G Smith (Southampton), and W Curwen Barrett (Manchester).

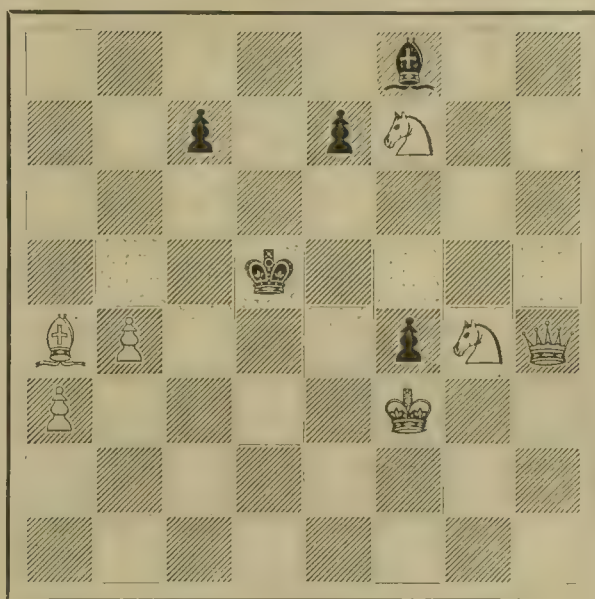
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2769.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

WHITE. BLACK.
1. K to R 8th. B takes P
2. R to K 3rd. Any move
3. Q or B Mates

If Black play 1. P Queens, then 2. B to K R 6th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 2772.—By C. BURNETT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CONSULTATION CHESS.

Game played at the Divan between MESSRS. BIRD and TRENCHARD on the one side, and MESSRS. BLACKBURNE and CHAPMAN on the other.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Bird & T.)	BLACK (Blackburne & C.)	WHITE (Bird & T.)	BLACK (Blackburne & C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	22. Q takes B	R to K B sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	23. Q to K 6th	Q takes Q
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	24. R takes Q	R to Kt sq
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes Kt P	25. B to K sq	R to Kt 5th
5. P to B 3rd	B to R 4th	26. K to B sq	Kt to B 4th
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	27. R to K 2nd	K to B 2nd
7. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to B 3rd		
8. Castles	P to Q 3rd		
9. P to K 5th	P takes K P		
10. P takes P	P takes P		
11. Q Kt to Q 2nd	B takes Kt		
12. B takes B	P to K R 3rd		
13. Kt to K 5th	Kt takes Kt		
14. K R to K sq	Kt to K 2nd		
15. R takes Kt	Castles		
There seems no reason why Black might not have safely taken the Rook.			
16. Q R to K sq	Kt to Kt 3rd		
17. R to K 8th	B to Q 2nd		
The surrender of these Pawns was scarcely necessary; but Black seems to have calculated on a winning end game with Knight against a Bishop.			
18. R takes Q R	R takes R		
19. Q takes P	B to B 3rd		
20. Q takes B P	Kt to R 5th		
21. B takes P (ch)	Q takes B		
		22. R to Q 2nd	K to K 3rd
		23. P to B 3rd	Kt to Q 4th
		24. B to B 2nd	Kt to B 3rd
		25. P to K 4th	P to Q R 4th
		26. P to B 5th	P to R 5th
		27. P to Kt 4th	P to R 6th
		28. B to B 4th	R to Kt 7th
		29. P to Kt 5th	Kt to K 4th
		30. P takes P	P takes P
		31. B to K sq	Kt to B 5th
		32. K to Q 3rd	Kt takes R
		33. B takes Kt	R takes P
		34. B takes P	R to R 7th
		35. B to Kt 7th	P to R 7th
		36. B takes P	R to Q 7th (ch)
		37. K takes R	K takes B
		38. K takes P	
		39. White resigns.	

CHESS IN MANCHESTER.

Game played in the Manchester Chess Club championship tourney between MESSRS. W. C. PALMER and A. BRODSKY.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	14. Critical point. If now 14. K to K 2nd, Kt takes Kt; 15. Q takes Q, B to Kt 5th (ch); 16. K to Q 2nd, R takes Q (ch), and wins.	
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	15. R to Q 2nd	Kt takes Kt
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	16. K to B sq	B to Kt 5th (ch)
4. P to K 5th	K Kt to Q 2nd		
5. P to B 4th	P to Q B 4th		
6. P takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd		
This move may be commended, as there is no way by which White can safely attempt to retain the Q B P.			
7. P to Q R 3rd	B takes P		
8. Q to Kt 4th	Castles		
9. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 3rd		
A peculiar variation to which we called attention in a previously published game. Black has adopted it with success, and finds it leads to lively encounters, often in Black's favour.			
10. Q takes K P (ch)	R to R sq		
11. Q takes Q P	P takes P		
12. P takes P	Kt (B 3rd) tks P		
13. Kt takes Kt	B to B 7th (ch)		
14. K to Q sq			
		15. Q to K 2nd	Q R to K sq
		16. B to K 4th	R to Q sq
		17. Q to K 4th	R to K sq
		18. B to Kt 5th	R to Q sq
		19. B to K 4th	
		20. R takes B	Kt to Q 6th (ch)
		21. B takes Kt	B to K 6th (ch)
		22. Q takes B	Q takes Q (ch)
		23. K to Kt sq	B to K 2nd
		24. P to Q R 4th	R takes B
			Black wins.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Everybody knows that the English sparrow has multiplied exceedingly and waxed very bold on the other side of the Atlantic. Even the native birds have had to give way before the impudent, presuming, domineering sparrow, which a sarcastic foreigner, with some show of analogy, might select as a fit representative of the enterprising Britisher himself. Lately, I observe, a series of most interesting observations have been made regarding the differences between the eggs of the sparrow at home and the sparrow abroad. These researches have been undertaken by Professor H. C. Bumpus, an American naturalist, and I learn that in the course of his labours he has critically examined and measured over 1700 eggs of the birds. One result has been that of discovering that the American eggs are smaller than the English ones, while they exhibit a difference in shape which is recognisable and characteristic.

These observations, which to the unscientific mind may seem of relatively trifling nature, are fraught with much interest to the student of biology. Certain naturalists of repute have of late days been indulging in a battle-royal regarding variation in crabs. The sparrow's egg, it seems to me, will form a far more satisfactory object of study, especially as Mr. Bumpus has already shown the differences in absolute size, as well as in relative proportions and in colour, which mark off the American from the English eggs. What we have to see in this case, when we look below the surface of things, is the influence of environment in inducing variation and change in the living being, and, be it noted, change which affects the entire organism. It is not a matter this of a feather less or more, or a variation in colour, but a change which has so affected the constitution of the bird that the egg itself has participated in the modification. I presume nobody is going to deny that the size and other features of the egg will directly affect the nature of the animal into which it is destined to develop, or that variation in the egg must mean modification of the whole frame.

If so much be admitted, and the specific identity of the American and English sparrows be agreed upon, then the case for the environment as directly producing variation, and for its acting as a direct factor in evolution, becomes materially strengthened. I hope Mr. Spencer will direct his attention to the researches of Professor Bumpus. Those of us who follow Mr. Spencer in his recognition of the living being as modified by its surroundings, expect to hear the Weismannian chorus chanting a psalm over the case of the sparrow, and ingeniously endeavouring to show us that the modifications have arisen through causes other than those of the direct nature which I have indicated. But most biologists, I opine, will prefer a plain and direct explanation of altered structure gradually but directly transmitted to offspring, to one which seeks a solution of the problem in purely theoretical conditions, producing infinitesimal variations, some of which are favoured and others rejected by a standard which no man can gauge or determine at all.

From time to time, when discussing topics of the day in science in this column, I have found myself naturally running counter to the opinions of some of my readers, but for the most part our differences have been expressed in an amicable manner. My latest critic is a person who calls himself a "Spiritualist," and who complains that I never make any reference in this column to "the highest form of science (*sic*) the world knows." This "science" is, of course, "spiritualism." I regret that I really cannot see my way to open this column to recitals of the vagaries of table-rapping, astrology, and other variations of modern mysticism.

But I have taken my correspondent's advice in one particular at last. I have been reading the last issue of Mr. Stead's *Borderland*, and I have been particularly interested in Mr. Stead's latest revelations regarding his friend "Julia." It is surprising to me to find any man so dull of comprehension that he has not learned enough about unconscious cerebration to know that when certain people take a pencil in hand they can write pages of stuff which they imagine have been produced apart altogether from any act of physical consciousness. What we all want to know (as plain folks) is whether "Julia," or any other spook, spectre, ghost, or shade, has ever told the world anything to make the world purer and better and happier. When I read of people being entreated to sit and contemplate, and thereby to reach a higher and holier state, as the theosophists advise, I am tempted to think of the people I have seen in lunatic asylums, who certainly sit and contemplate in quiet retirement without much or any result to themselves or other people. This dreary, dreaming nonsense may do for some other planet than ours; it is simply out of place in the work-a-day world in which we live. Of all modern crazes this seeking after spiritualistic mysteries is the least profitable. When I want to be interested in such mysteries as are worth thinking about, I take a stall at Maskelyne and Cooke's.

I heartily share in the outcry which is being made against the destruction of rare birds. Why should every kingfisher which is noticed be shot at and destroyed? And why should any person shoot that rare bird the hoopoe when he happens to see it—an incident which actually occurred at Garstang on Sept. 29, 1896. The naturalist must deprecate this needless slaughter, which tends to the extinction of rare species, and makes blanks, never to be refilled, in the fauna of our land. I do not think the law, however stringent its conditions, will fully assist us here, although legal provisions dealing with certain species have been of great service in protecting bird life. What we want is the cultivation of a higher respect for living nature, and of a greater fondness for the observation and study of living things. As for the cad who, armed with a gun, goes forth to shoot all that comes in his way, the only thing we can hope for (in a scientific sense) is the extinction of his race—whether by natural or legal selection is a matter beyond my powers of discussion.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

The prevailing colour of the year is nondescript: shading on buff, it is scarcely yellow; verging on holland-colour, it yet lacks the suggestion of brown in its composition. It is a pretty colour and a fleeting joy, for whether you choose it in linen, when it is exceedingly popular in Paris, or in cloth, in which you cannot get it in London save in the most exclusive establishments, you will find it needs the utmost care to preserve it of fresh aspect. However, there was no consideration for this drawback evinced by a very pretty wearer of the colour whom I met yesterday. Her gown was in cloth, the skirt trimmed with very narrow strappings of the same worked into conventional patterns round the hem, the bodice was a sac bolero with a waistcoat and revers turning back of grass lawn embroidery, and the little vest just revealed at the neck was of kilted white chiffon. Crowned with a Panama hat, trimmed with scarves of black-and-white tulle, and a bunch of white feathers at one side, the entire costume was adorable. This light buff tone—I call it thus for want of a better description—is successfully treated in linen with insertions of Maltese lace, when it will serve well, mounted on a linen foundation, and should be completed by a bodice entirely of lace, or of linen striped with lace.

The most popular method of trimming a dress is with insertions of lace set roundwards. You may see dozens of these, and very pretty they are, too, looking well either on plain materials or on those kilted skirts of whose charms I so often speak. Which reminds me that only the other day I saw a tea-gown made of material kilted à soleil hanging from a yoke formed of lace. The effect of this was excellent upon the figure, the limited fullness in the pleats round the bust lending grace. The best material for exploiting such a style is the soft English satin, but the same idea may be more economically carried out in a thin cashmere. But it is a long time, I think, since I have written about hats in this column, and as I have but recently been interviewing some specially attractive specimens of French millinery, it would be well to chronicle their charms.

One there was of light brown Panama lined with white chip, trimmed with scarves of black tulle and a huge white



A BLUE SERGE COSTUME.

bird with a waving tail. Another was of grass-lawn straw hemmed with black velvet, the narrow crown being encircled with two folds of black velvet at the base, while round the top was folded a ribbon of bright green and holland checked canvas, this canvas ribbon being tied into large bows at one side, and held by green cocks' feathers, a mass of these waving to the right and to the left, fastened at the base with an emerald brooch. A very pretty small toque, too, I saw in the palest of blue straw, with the crown formed of mauve rhododendrons tied at one side with a large bow of mauve ribbon. And then, as a last

illustration, let me mention a hat of black chip lined with Tuscan, set at one side upon a bandeau of nasturtiums, the crown being entirely made of nasturtiums tied round with ribbons of four shades of red, orange, and yellow. This would have been somewhat trying to any but the most beautiful complexion, but it was a pretty hat, nevertheless.

Which reminds me that I stood this morning for quite a long time round the windows of Peter Robinson's, in Oxford Street, gazing at the attractive millinery there. Delightful hats are here made of canvas with straw brims decked with just a wreath of flowers and an erect spray of the same at one side, while there is a large assortment of toques of bright-coloured straws trimmed with foliage and tulle, and a picture hat of most pleasing detail is made of black chip with a deep band of jet round the crown, fastening at one side seven ostrich feathers of most superior quality. But mere gazing into the window did not satisfy me, and I wanted a closer investigation; and when I had obtained it to my satisfaction, I wandered upstairs into the coat department to admire a hussar-braided jacket with loose sleeves, which obtains in light drab braided in white and in dark blue braided in black, and a dozen other shades all equally attractive. It is an excellent garment, and, completed with a skirt of the same material, might be relied upon to grace its wearer with elegance on any ordinary occasion. Another capital costume, which is illustrated in these columns, is of blue serge most effectively trimmed with rows of white braid.

Furthermore, I had a glimpse here of some of the new blouses. Made in washing silk, completed with neckties of the same fabric, and linen collars, there are some models of special charm. And then I found any number of dainty evening bodices of chiné silk and chiffon, of lisse embroidered, and of lace and ribbon velvet. There is one model called the "Adèle," made of a printed grenadine muslin trimmed across with little frills of lace and velvet ribbons, boasting short puffs on the sleeves which fit tightly down to the wrists, to be bought at a price of 15s. 9d. And then there are many bodices in shot silk worked into tucks. Peter Robinson's is really a place to spend a happy day if you are bent, as we are all of us bent, on the purchase of new clothes which shall be at once new, attractive, and inexpensive—the crowning charm!

To "Twenty-one" I would suggest that she could only wear that hat in the summer if she trimmed it with black velvet ribbons and a group of black feathers, and I really think she would do well to put it aside for next winter, and to adopt with that purple gown a little toque of mauve straw trimmed with shaded mauve flowers, transferring her purple velvet bow to one side of this—such a little toque, indeed, as she could get untrimmed and arrange herself if she wrote to Peter Robinson, in Oxford Street.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

The original programme of the bazaar at Paris that ended so awfully is in my possession. It was in one respect unlike anything that we have ever had here, in that it was a combined effort for all the chief charities of Paris, so that the ladies taking a special interest in any one were attracted to help the rest also. Hence it drew on a wider circle of attendants than any single institution. The charitable objects represented, too, were very various, and some of them different from any that we have organised. Amidst orphanages for various classes, parish relief funds, and sick nursing societies and hospitals, I find placed the names of the society to help young men to become Dominican priests, of the Workman's Catholic Club, and of the "work of St. Michel, the distribution of good books." The "œuvre du patronage des jeunes ouvrières" is a sort of "girls' friendly society," and the "Society for Supplying Work to the Blind" explains itself. It is most melancholy now to read the description of the interesting "old Paris street," the houses of which comprised the stalls, and the names of the dear devoted women who were to preside at each of them. There is a positively appalling touch now in the observation that "the site obtained for the bazaar this year is the best ever secured." This was the twelfth year of holding the "Bazaar of Charity."

At the meeting of the Royal Humane Society last week, the medal of the Society was awarded to a little girl only twelve years old for saving life from drowning. At the last preceding meeting of the Society, the medal was given to three women, one of whom was only fifteen years of age and another eighteen. The latter, Miss Violet Ponsonby, saved a girl who got overturned from a canoe in the Cookham rapids; the rescuer swam out with all her clothes on, and incurred great danger. The third heroine of that occasion, Mrs. Anderson, nearly lost her life, as she swam out a long way to sea at Sherringham on a very rough day to save a boy of ten who had been washed away from the shore, and she was repeatedly driven back with him resting on her shoulders till nearly exhausted.

Another heroic woman's achievement has been reported in connection with the safety of a ship that had been given up for lost. The *Minnesota*, a sailing-vessel, left Hong-Kong in August last, and was not heard of till the end of March. Then she was spoken at sea by another vessel, a steamer, and towed to harbour. It was found that the only really "able seaman" on board the unfortunate ship was the captain's wife. Some of the men were dead from

drowning, some from disease, and the captain and all the rest of the crew were more or less disabled by scurvy. The captain's wife had steered the ship for many hours at a stretch for many weeks, even through severe gales, and the crew unanimously owned that she had saved their lives. The brave woman is English, and deserves one of the "Albert Medals," instituted by her Majesty for bravery in other than military services.

On Wednesday, May 5, the police of the division in which that very rough district, Lisson Grove, Marylebone,



A CHARMING DRESS.

is situated, met to present a gold-mounted umbrella, for which they had subscribed, to Miss Fitzpatrick, who recently went to the rescue of Police-Constable Stone, and, as he states, prevented him from being murdered by a rough. The rascal attacked the constable unexpectedly, apparently to pay out an old grudge; and, having got him on the ground, was kicking his head. Men stood around and watched, but this plucky woman ran to the rescue and hung on to and "clawed the eyes" of the rough till the policeman could get up; she then assisted to hold the prisoner till assistance from the police arrived. The inspector, in making the presentation, expressed a hope that the men of the locality would be moved to follow Miss Fitzpatrick's good example in case of future need. What men might do is observe that women are not all cowards who are afraid of a mouse!

The Hon. Mrs. Joyce, who is the moving spirit in the United British Women's Emigration Association, has found it necessary to issue a public statement that her society only provides for sending abroad women of good character. Its first rule, indeed, is: "The Association pledges itself to emigrate only such women and girls as are of good capacity and character," and no woman is ever sent out under the auspices of the Association whose antecedents will not bear the closest scrutiny. Mrs. Joyce says that a considerable number of applicants state, after examining their form, that it is "too troublesome" to fill it up. It is certainly much to be desired that the Colonies shall not be treated in the matter of the emigration of women as they were at one time in the deportation of criminals—made a sort of place over which was supposed to be written, "Rubbish may be deposited here." Mrs. Joyce is no doubt correct when she says that colonial employers object quite as strongly to admit women with a bad record into their houses as do English householders. Nevertheless, under these stringent conditions, over six thousand women have been sent out under the auspices of the Association referred to, the headquarters of which are at the Imperial Institute.

Members of some of the leading London clubs are rising in revolt against the proposed invasion, on the occasion of the Jubilee procession, of ladies. In olden times, of course, the threshold of a man's club was a sacred mark, beyond which the female foot dared not step; but, first of all, some of the newer clubs laid themselves out to give afternoon tea to ladies, and then came evening entertainments and suppers, and then some clubs went yet further, and allowed ladies' dinner parties to be given occasionally. Now, as a climax to this invasion, so very objectionable in the eyes of the old-fashioned members, comes the demand that all the best windows shall be given up to the sex whom so many of the misogynists go to clubs on purpose to escape, which bids fair to arouse a revolution against the governing bodies who have given in to such ideas.

F. F. M.



RIVALS.—ERNEST NORMAND.



DESTITUTE.—GUNNING KING.



LADY WANTAGE AND HER EGYPTIAN DONKEY.—BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.
Presented to Lady Wantage by the 1st Volunteer Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment.



THE VALLEY OF FLOWERS.—ARTHUR H. BUCKLAND.



HOUGHTON MILL, ON THE OUSE.—ERNEST PARTON



CARTING HAY: SUSSEX.—ALFRED ELIAS.



THE WHIST-PLAYERS.—THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.



MATERNITY.—T. B. KENNINGTON.



THE HON. MRS. HASTINGS CAMPBELL.—E. TOFANO.



A WEE RHODESIAN, DAUGHTER OF MR. E. A. MAUND.
RALPH PEACOCK.



THE GARDEN BY THE RIVER.—YEEND KING.



THE BANISHED CORIOLANUS LEAVING ROME.—GEORGE E. ROBERTSON.



WINIFRED, DAUGHTER OF A. WILLIAMSON, ESQ.—R. E. MORRISON.



OLD ENGLAND.—J. CLAYTON ADAMS.



A RIVER OF THE SOUTH.—J. CLAYTON ADAMS.



BEHIND THE TIMES.—W. HENRY GORE.



ELOPED.—ARTHUR C. COOKE.

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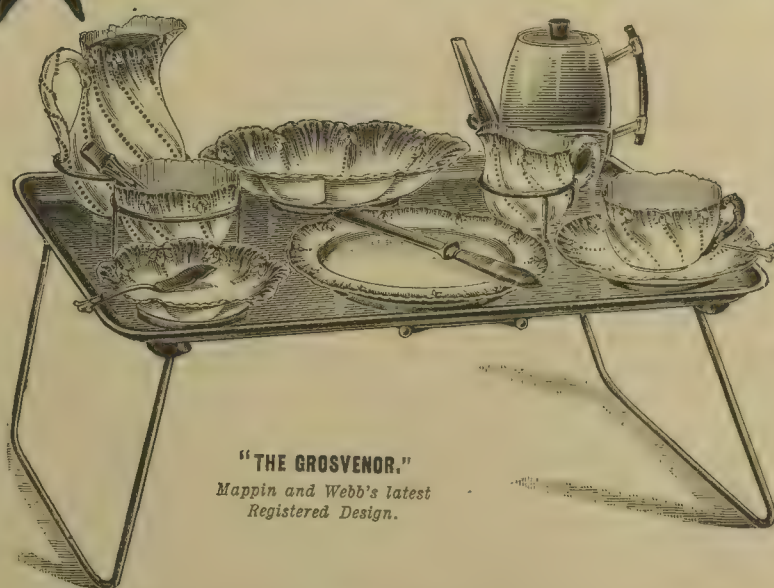
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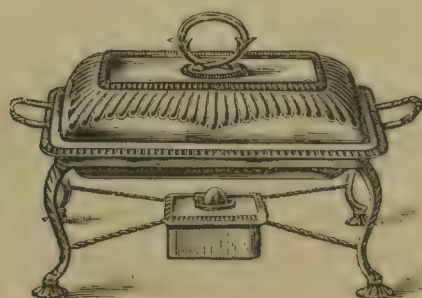
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 4, 1890), with three codicils (dated July 4, 1891; Jan. 5, 1893; and Oct. 31, 1894), of Mr. James Jenkinson Bibby, J.P., D.L., of Hardwicke Grange, Salop, and 25, Hill Street, Mayfair, ship-owner, who died on Jan. 8, was proved on May 4 by Frank Bibby, the son, Arthur Wilson Bibby, the nephew, Andrew Tucker Squarey, William Baldwin Hilton, and Miss Sarah Bibby, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1,783,062. The testator gives £1000 each to his grandchildren; £2000 for the purchase of mourning and distribution among his servants; £125,000, upon trust, for his daughter Sarah Bibby, and she is to have the use for life of his mansion-house and lands called Sansaw, Salop; £125,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Mrs. Frances Battye, Mrs. Agnes Jessie Baldock, and Mrs. Gertrude Wermald; and £1000 each to his executors. Having in his lifetime bought and settled 7, Portman Square on his daughter, Mrs. Battye, and 44, Eaton Place on his daughter, Mrs. Wermald, he by his will settles Craven Lodge, Melton Mowbray, on his daughter, Mrs. Baldock, but the value of the respective premises is to be taken in part payment of their portions of £125,000. All his real property in the county of Salop he devises, upon trust, for his son Frank for life, and then as he shall appoint, and in default thereof to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his son for life and then to his children as he shall appoint.

The will (dated July 28, 1894), with two codicils (dated Dec. 29, 1896, and Jan. 26, 1897), of Mr. James William Harrison, of Tipton Park, Sheffield, who died on March 1, was proved on April 30 by his nephews, Francis William Harrison, John Brooksopp Wilkinson, and John Thomas Staniland, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £239,992. The testator gives £1000 each to the Sheffield General Infirmary, the Jessop Hospital for Women, the Sheffield Public Hospital and Dispensary, and the Girls' Charity School, Sheffield; £500 each to the Boys' Charity School (Sheffield), the Deakin Institute for Single Women, and the Cherry Tree or Totley Orphanage; £3000 to his sister, Elizabeth Wilkinson; £2000, upon trust, for the widow of his old friend John Jobson, of Derby, and at her death to her children; £500 each to his executors; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one third to the children of his deceased brother, Henry Harrison, one third to his nephew, John Brooksopp Wilkinson, and the remaining one third to the children of his deceased sister, Mrs. Sarah Staniland.

The will (dated October 1894), with a codicil (dated Nov. 12, 1895), of Mr. Robert Martin, J.P., of Overbury Court, Worcester, for many years a member of the firm of Martin and Co., bankers, 68, Lombard Street, who died on March 17, was proved on May 3 by Richard Biddulph Martin, the son, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate being £131,021. The testator gives £100 each to his daughters-in-law—Mary Frances Martin and Victoria Martin; £500 each to his nephews—Francis

Thomas Jones and Robert Llewellyn Jones; £1000 to Miss Fritsch; £20,000 and £100 to his grandson Robert Martin Holland; £15,000 and £100 to his granddaughter Julia Holland; £10,000 to his daughter Julia Henty, and legacies to servants. He gives and devises the Overbury Court estate, with the furniture, pictures, plate, etc., to his son Richard Biddulph Martin. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sons—Richard Biddulph Martin and John Biddulph Martin in equal shares as tenants in common. Mr. John B. Martin died on March 20.

The will (dated March 4, 1896), with two codicils (dated March 4 and June 25, 1896), of the Rev. Frederic Edward Wigram, Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, and formerly hon. secretary of the Church Missionary Society, of Oak Hill House, Hampstead, who died on March 10, was proved on April 27 by Mrs. Frances Wigram, the widow, the Rev. Edmund Francis Edward Wigram, and Harold Frederic Edward Wigram, the sons, Lewis Wigram, and Fitzherbert Wright, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £122,935. The testator gives his household furniture and effects, £800 per annum, for life, and the amount of "C Fund" in his book of account to his wife; £500 and such part of a settled trust fund as his brother-in-law, John Barton, may not have appointed to his sister, Louisa Catherine Wigram; and a few small legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon certain trusts, for all his children; but sums advanced to them in his lifetime are to be brought into account.

The will (dated Jan. 26, 1892), with two codicils (dated Aug. 23, 1894, and Oct. 30, 1895), of Mr. John Maitland Spencer, J.P., of Hillylands, Ashwick, Somerset, brewer, who died on March 9, was proved on April 30 by the Rev. William Henry Shorland and William Henry Mayo, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £98,361. The testator gives £500 and his pictures, plate, household furniture, carriages, and horses to his wife, Mrs. Mary Penelope Spencer; £500 each to his daughters; £150 each to his executors; annuities of £25 each to Lucy Anne Ransome, Gertrude Ransome, Henrietta Ransome, Agnes Ransome, Ann Maitland Kenway, Helen Kenway, and Catherine Kenway; £100 to the clerks and workmen of the Oakhill Brewery; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her decease as to one moiety thereof for his daughter Mrs. Evelyn Maud Maitland Sherston, and the other moiety for his daughter Dorothea Penelope Maitland Spencer, but the share of his daughter Mrs. Sherston is to be less by £10,000, the amount settled on her on her marriage.

The will (dated Feb. 13, 1894) of Mr. Thomas Richard Arter, of Mariemont, Park Hill, Moseley, Worcester, who died on April 4, was proved on April 27 by John James Bedney Arter and Millward Selby Arter, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £34,840. The testator gives £100 to his wife, and during her life or widowhood she is to have the use of his furniture and effects and an annuity of £1000. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares to his children.

Directions are given as to the carrying on of his partnership business of Messrs. Daniel and Arter, the Globe Works, Highgate Street, Birmingham, plate-manufacturers.

The will (dated April 2, 1895) of Mr. Robert Hogg, LL.D., of 99, St. George's Road, Pimlico, and Heathfield, Sussex, who died on April 14, was proved on April 28 by Mrs. Caroline Amelia Hogg, the widow, Robert Alexander Milligan Hogg, the son, Caroline Amelia Bankier, the daughter, and Robert Cochran, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £22,508. The testator gives £100 and his furniture and household effects to his wife, and also during her life the use and benefit of his house, 99, St. George's Road, and an annuity of £300; £10 each to his brother and two sisters, and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his three children, Robert Alexander Milligan Hogg, Mrs. Caroline Amelia Bankier, and Mrs. Griselda Wilson Cochran.

The will (dated April 20, 1896) of Mr. Matthew James Mumford, J.P., of The Chestnuts, Wanstead, Essex, who died on March 6, was proved on April 27 by Mrs. Annie Elizabeth Mumford, the widow, James Mumford, the son, and William Frederick Wilkinson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £16,956. The testator leaves all his property, upon various trusts, for his wife and children.

The will and codicil of the Hon. and Rev. Lowther John Barrington, of 57, Stanhope Gardens, Hon. Canon of St. Albans, and for thirty-seven years Rector of Walton-at-Stone, Herts, who died on March 10, were proved on April 28 by Russell Henry Barrington, the son, and the Hon. Thomas Henry William Pelham, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £7198.

LONDON TO THE SOUTH COAST, ISLE OF WIGHT, AND FRENCH SEASIDE RESORTS.

With the 1st of May (one month earlier than usual) commenced the tourist and excursion season of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company, and in the programme just out are announced cheap week-end tickets to be issued every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to all places on the South Coast from Hastings to Southsea inclusive, and to all places in the Isle of Wight, also to Dieppe, the Parisian's favourite seaside place on the Normandy coast.

Cheap day excursions will be run every Monday to Brighton, Worthing, Hastings, Bexhill, Eastbourne, Seaford, Southsea, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight, with, later in the season, a steamboat trip round the Island in connection. Every Wednesday to Brighton, including admission to the Grand Aquarium. Every Saturday to Brighton and Worthing. Every Sunday to Brighton, Hastings, Bexhill, Eastbourne, Seaford, Worthing, Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight. Every week-day to Hastings, Bexhill, Eastbourne, Seaford, and Tunbridge Wells. Special Saturday to Tuesday cheap tickets are issued every Saturday to Southsea, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight and to the latter eight and eleven day tickets are also issued, available to return on the following Saturday or Tuesday week. Special cheap eight, ten, fifteen, or seventeen days' return tickets are issued every Saturday to Brighton, Hastings, St. Leonards, Bexhill, Eastbourne, Seaford, Worthing, Littlehampton, Bognor, Hayling Island, Portsmouth, and Southsea.

In connection with the Paris services, via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, tickets are issued for tours in Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Germany, Portugal, Spain, Algeria, Tunis, Morocco, and France, including the Anglo-Norman and Brittany tours.

Holiday-seekers during the coming season have the choice of one more route to the Continent, the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway having established a regular passenger line service between Newhaven and Caen direct, with three or more sailings each way weekly.

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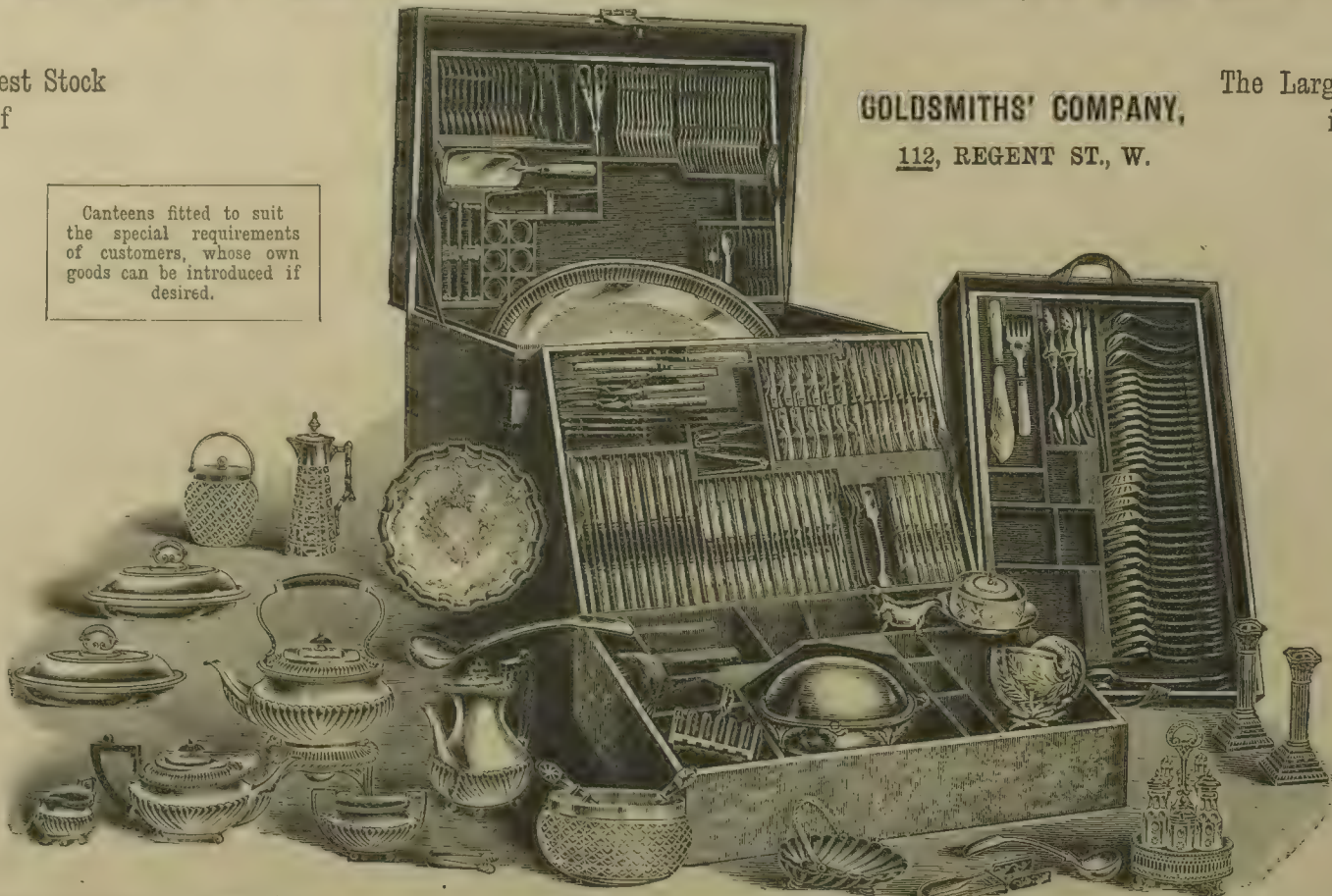
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CHIT-CHAT OF TRAVEL. VI.—CAIRO AND MEMPHIS.

After a few weeks spent in countries under Turkish rule, with its accompaniment of decay, squalor, and discomfort, what a relief is the first whiff of civilisation! With what satisfaction the traveller leans back in his comfortable carriage as he is driven swiftly over the well-kept streets of Cairo! With what zest he partakes of his first meal under the roof of the hospitable Shepherd! To be in the East and to have the comforts of the West—to find a town as well paved, as well lighted, as well drained as Paris itself within a stone's-throw of the most picturesque Arab city; to enjoy the delights of a climate which in winter is as near perfection as can be imagined: this, indeed, is a welcome experience, and one of which the tired traveller does not easily weary. After the excitements of Constantinople and the "bloody road" to Jericho, there is a pleasant sense of security in having a trio of young English officers taking tea at the next table to one's own on the verandah, while the sight of Tommy Atkins in his sun-helmet and trim holland uniform is a refreshing contrast to the Turkish soldier in his rags and dirt.

The streets of Cairo present a fascinating panorama. European ladies rustle past in Parisian costumes, followed

by their poor Egyptian sisters, shrouded in black and disfigured by the hideous yashmak; wives of the native nobles bowl along in exquisitely appointed carriages, leaving an impression of white robes and gazelle-like eyes looking out from voluminous folds of tulle; while in front of the horses run the syces—lithe, graceful figures in scarlet and gold, like chimney ornaments in bronze, animated for the occasion. With the approach of dusk come the lamplighters, running in couples and at an easy trot in the centre of the road, their white robes swathed loosely round them, their poles held out at the length of a slim brown arm. How different from the English lamplighter, with his dun-coloured raiment, his ungainly shuffle! The vendors of donkey-chairs and embroideries drop a third of their prices as the dressing-bell rings, and the visitor toils upstairs with an armful of spoils, the Nubian porter in the hall staring at him with unblinking eyes.

Our first excursion was to the Pyramids, and such an utter absence of the unexpected was there about this world-famous sight that we felt that we had in effect been gazing upon Pyramids all our lives, and were rather bored than otherwise by the spectacle. Immediately the carriages stopped the adventurous members of our party were seized by a crowd of frenzied Arabs and dragged off to commence the ascent. Four Arabs apiece—one for each limb, and

probably four in addition to quarrel with the other four and revile them for having secured the prey—so does the traveller ascend the Pyramid, and so, unhappy-wretch! does he go inside, to crawl about in ignominy and darkness. For ourselves, we had the moral courage to remain at the bottom, and did not fail to applaud our own wisdom as we welcomed back our apoplectic friends.

Among our number was a member of the Alpine Club, a mountaineer of no mean standing, who disdained help in a trifling matter like the Great Pyramid. He waited until the rest of the party had made a good start, and then, slashing to right and left with his stick to keep off the yelling Arabs, he went onward alone, disdaining the beaten route as shown by the guides, and climbing upwards in a bee-line. To be the first to reach the summit, or to perish in the attempt—such was his aim, and he succeeded in scoring an easy triumph. Three days later a donkey-boy pointed a brown finger at him as he walked the streets of Cairo, and remarked, "I know you, O strong man! You run up Big Pyramid alone!" Whereupon our mountaineer affected modesty and inwardly swelled with pride.

A more interesting, because more unique, experience was the excursion to Sakkara, the site of ancient Memphis, the first portion of which consisted of a sail down the Nile, and the second of an exhilarating gallop over the desert on

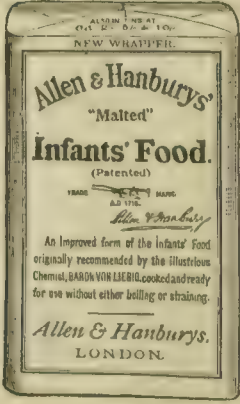
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Our own guide-book account of the Tombs of the Bulls sounded tamely in comparison with this adventure, but we had as our share a score of reminiscences of ancient art and picturesque incidents of modern life which we would not willingly have forgotten. There is a charm about Egypt which defies explanation. On the last evening of our stay we drove across the bridge on our return from the wonderful Gizeh Museum, and silence fell upon us. We looked behind on the flowing waters of the Nile, the palm-trees outlined against the sky, the vivid flame of the poinsettias, the brilliant moving panorama of the streets—and our hearts cramped with regretful longing. We are at home once more, among British chills and fogs, but still in our hearts we “hear the East a-calling” in soft insistent tones which refuse to be stifled. “Who drinks the waters of the Nile must return”—so runs the native proverb. We live in the hope that it may prove true in our own case, and that if we are very good we may be allowed an alternative to Paris, and go to Cairo when we die!

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SOMETHING WORTH READING

A CHOICE OF SPIRITS.

A Greek poet says "Water is the best," but it is too noted that he does not say it is the best thing to drink. For this purpose the doubtless preferred wine, as we had the misfortune not to know whisky worthily of Robert Burns, though he was spoken of as well as of whisky, and being an asceticist as well as a poet, he was doubly qualified to judge did not know it in its best and purest form. PATTON'S, which may justly be called the noblest Aviator of the spirit of "John Barleycorn." But the praise of Scotch Drink in immortal flights has been, had he been inspired by PATTON'S, What Burns says as to the superiority of Whisky to all other drinks is fully confirmed by scientific research, and by the practical experience of this critical age. It takes nothing on trust, but examines every thing for itself, and holds fast that which is good. This is the secret of the success of PATTON'S Whisky; the more it is known the better it is liked, because it is a thoroughly good thing.

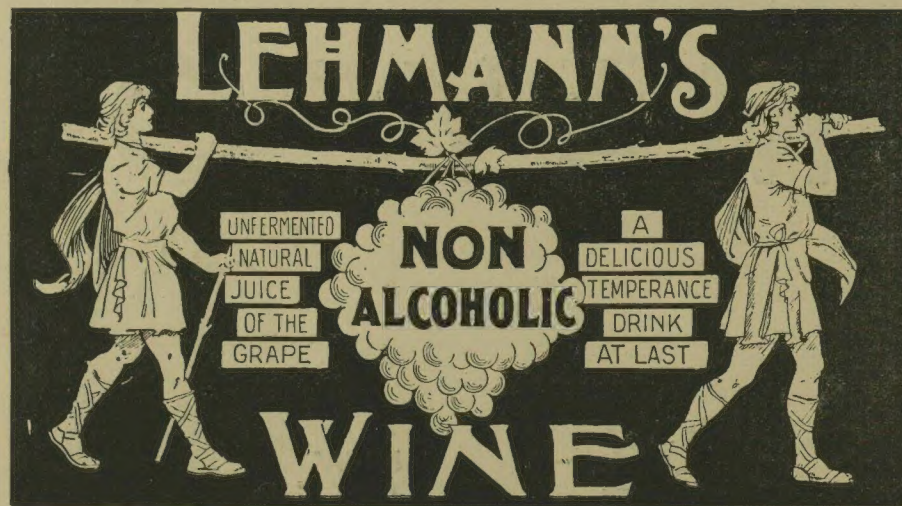
All authorities are now agreed that whisky is most wholesome of spirits. Taken in moderation, it increases appetite, and aids digestion by exciting the glands of the stomach to pour forth the juice necessary for the assimilation of the food. It also gives strength to the heart, and by making the circulation more active, ensures a large supply of pure blood to all parts of the system. There has been much futile debate as to whether alcohol does not actually build up or disintegrate tissue, even if whisky in short bursts, as a tonic, and general stimulant, and a powerful restorer, not only to persons suffering from wasting diseases, but to all persons of weak constitution, to all who "lose flesh," to all who are "run down."

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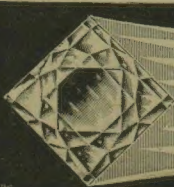
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PARLIAMENT.

Not for the first time, the House of Commons has been told that certain information on foreign affairs was "inexpedient" at the very moment when this information was being given in the House of Lords. Pressed to explain this anomaly, Mr. Balfour said that having received notice from Mr. Morley of a question, he tried to find Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office. The Foreign Secretary was then at Buckingham Palace, so Mr. Balfour decided that, having no opportunity of consultation with his chief, he had better decline to answer the question. These little hitches are bound to happen when the Foreign Secretary sits in the Lords. The information given by Lord Salisbury related to the mediation of the Concert between Greece and Turkey. Some formalities had been raised at Athens which Lord Salisbury regretted. They are not likely to last. The

action of England in this business was to conform to the wishes of "the others," meaning chiefly Russia, Germany, and Austria. In the Commons the Poor School Boards Bill passed through Committee, and has no obstacles before it. The Chancellor of the Exchequer declined to accede to Mr. Arthur O'Connor's petition for the reduction of the tea-duty from fourpence to twopence. He said he could not spare the money. Moreover, when any reduction of taxation is vouchsafed, the income-tax payer will expect priority. Major Rasch had no difficulty in carrying a motion declaring "that the duration of speeches in this House has increased, is increasing, and ought to be abated." He said that a Minister who could not unfold a policy in an hour and a half, and a private member who could not say all he had to say in fifteen minutes, were unfit for Parliament. Mr. Radcliffe Cooke said the difficulty was that members would repeat the same arguments over

and over again. As this repetition is inseparable from human nature, Major Rasch's motion is likely to remain a dead letter.

The Prince and Princess of Wales paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone at Hawarden on Monday. Their Royal Highnesses were accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, with whom they had been staying at Eaton. A few years ago the tension of political strife was such that no such interchange of courtesies between Eaton and Hawarden could have taken place. But the retirement of Mr. Gladstone from Parliament, and a warm fellow-feeling as to Armenia and the Turk, have changed all that, and the Duke of Westminster, if he had the chance, would probably now repurchase the fine portrait of Mr. Gladstone, painted by Sir John Millais, which he sold at a moment when political pique had reached its topmost point.

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